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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—April 20, 1974, 50 cents

Taxing Time for Nixon
John Osborne

When Mrs. Gravely Gets Sick
Eliot Marshall

Where Mr. Reston Goes Wrong
The Editors

Chairman Strauss' Hot Seat
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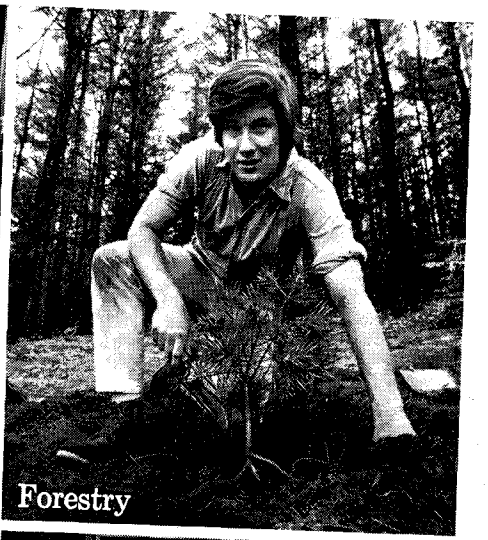
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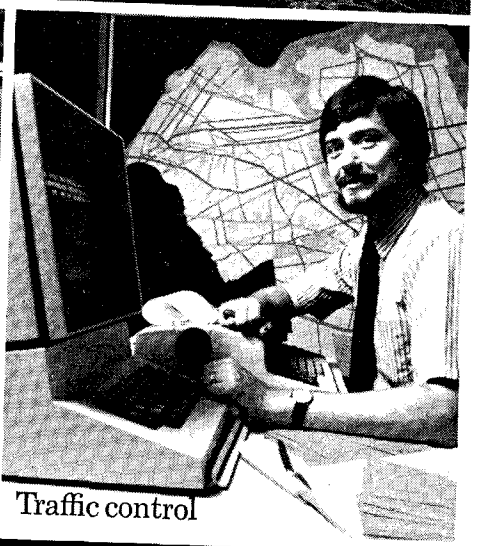
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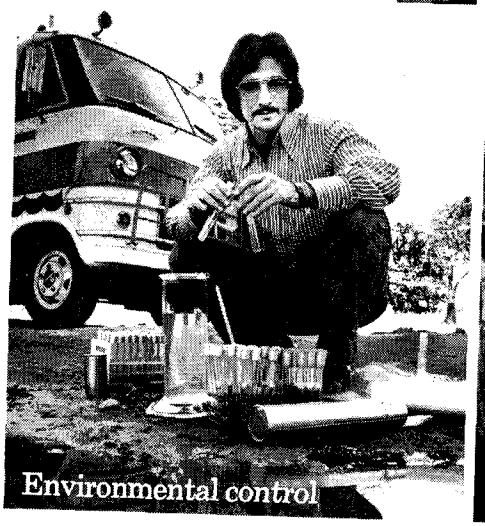
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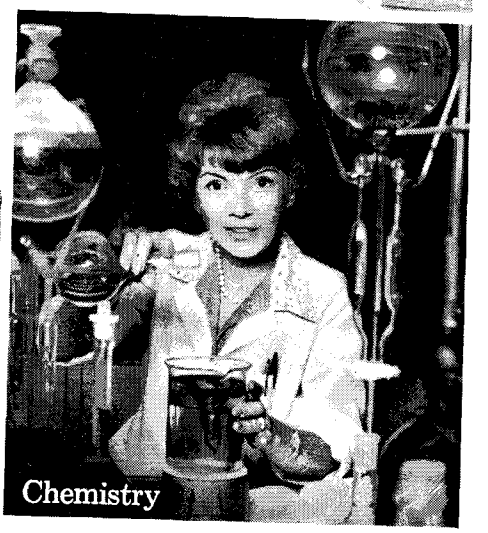
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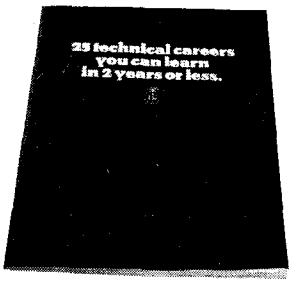

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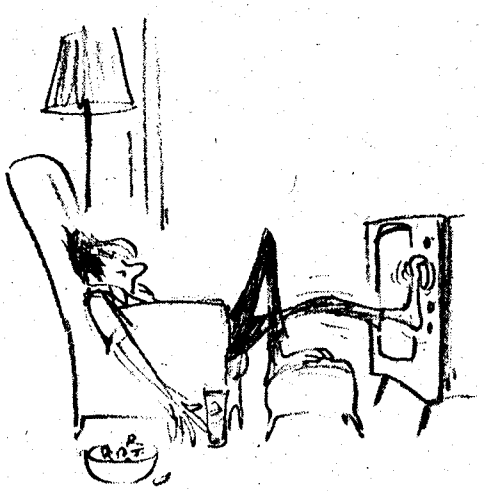

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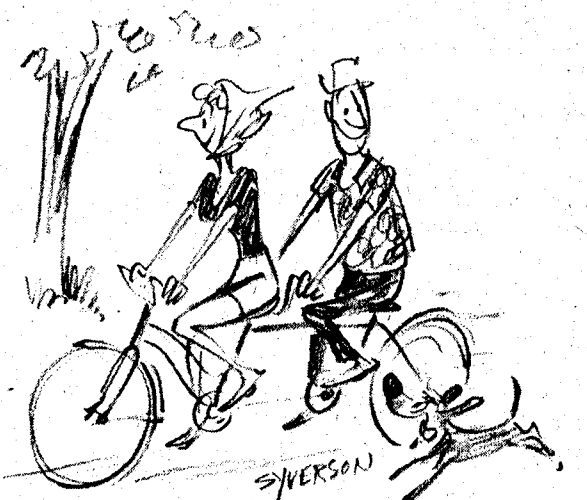

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TRB

from Washington
April 20, 1974

Death in Living Color

What with the wonders of electronic communication and the enterprise of our news media we should have a very good close-up next year of the world's greatest famine. Computers will be able to reckon up the score of those who perish from month to month and with even a mediocre television set it will be possible to bring into the living room the full drama of the big spectacular, and count the ribs of the dying children.

If the United States is going to do anything to avert the expected famine the time, of course, is now, but there seems very little interest. The situation is fairly clear. The world's reserves of grain are the lowest in history (the normal supply is two or three months, but it is now down to about 27 days—hardly enough to fill the pipelines). The other big factor is oil. The price of oil has tripled and the world fertilizer price has soared (oil is used to extract nitrate fertilizer from the air). Oil is needed to run all those chugging little pumps that keep the life-giving irrigation ditches flowing in places like India. (As a human interest item, Director-General A. H. Boerma of the Food and Agriculture Organization came back from India recently and told how peasants are waiting two or three days at fuel stations with their battered containers for five gallons of fuel to keep their pumps working. Americans can sympathize with them, for many of us have waited an hour or even longer to fill up our Fords and Chevvies. Of course with the peasant it's a matter of life and death.)

India is the easiest country to talk about because it has 600 million people and is the biggest of the 40 nations whose populations total one billion which are the poorest of the poor, and comprise what the Overseas Development Council calls the "Fourth World" in its new paperback *Agenda For Action 1974* (Praeger; $3.95). At best of times India needs a foodgrain harvest of 108 to 110 million metric tons to prevent famine, but the latest US Department of Agriculture report (April) estimates the crop at 102 million tons.

Food riots and political turbulence have begun in parts of India and some aren't sure democracy will survive. It's worse elsewhere. You have probably been reading of starvation in parts of Africa and Asia, and the same conditions are apt to hit sections of Central America. The richer nations have been helping these non-oil producing developing countries for some time but unfortunately the increased cost of fuel and fertilizer will now more than wipe out what they have been receiving in grants. Oil alone will cost about $19 billion more. As for fertilizer a virtual embargo on exports is now in effect from the US and Japan.

Father Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame University, heads the Overseas Development Council. Unless something is done quickly he predicts "a food crisis that will make the energy crisis look like a picnic." Other nations are ready to go, he says, but the United States is holding back. "We are about the only people in the world who are dragging our feet," he said here last week. "There will be a cataclysmic kind of revolution if we don't have the sense to act while there is still time, and there isn't very much." It will be a great show to watch on television.

World authorities are getting almost hysterical. Here is Robert McNamara, head of the World Bank, interviewed on *Meet The Press* the other day, saying that if aid isn't increased "there are going to be millions of people dying in the world." He says "800 million of them live on, in our terms, 30 cents a day, and are barely on the margin of life."

America isn't much interested. That's not the mood. UN Secretary-General Waldheim called it a "global emergency." James P. Grant, president of the Development Council, says that we ought to organize world action right away for otherwise "large-scale disaster" looms. He urges that Americans eat less beef and more chicken because it takes about seven pounds of grain to produce a pound of beef and only two or three pounds of grain to produce a pound of chicken. (The famine countries, you see, eat their grain straight without going through the meat process, and Grant thinks we might send them the extra grain and save "millions from premature deaths." He says beef is the counterpart of the big highway gas guzzler, while chicken is the "subcompact" in the food energy field.)

This may be true enough, but we aren't going to have any great food crusade; that takes leadership. Does anybody see any of that kind of moral leadership in Washington today? The awkward fact is that we have run out of food surpluses and there is only one way to give food to poor countries: through higher prices. Can you imagine Mr. Nixon appealing to the country to accept the burden of higher food prices in order to send aid to foreigners, a lot of them with dark skins?

The United States is about the only country that could give a lead. Last year the Era of Plenty may have permanently tipped over into the Era of Scarcity. World population will reach four billion next year and will double not long after 2000 AD by present projections. Where will supplies come for this enormous passenger list on Spaceship Earth? Prices go up as too many people chase too few goods. But the United States is still the soundest and richest country. It depends less on fuel imports than the rest and the prices of its own great export, farm goods, are booming. The United States and Canada dominate world food supplies as the Arabs do oil.

Obviously oil-rich Arabs and food-rich Americans should agree to help the poor countries. Such action requires planning, cooperation and sacrifice. But Mr. Nixon is in poor condition just now to ask for sacrifice. And his past policy has been to save on welfare at home, and to go easy on aid abroad. The volume of US help in the "Food for Peace" program in 1973 dropped to one third.

There is the moral argument. "I think that in all of human history it has been accepted that the strong will help the weak," Mr. McNamara said the other day. That has been the American tradition in times past. There is also the selfish consideration that hunger topples governments and brings riots, revolutions and war. America is going to take the risk.

The official attitude is to ignore the problem. In one international conference after another the US keeps a low profile. But the problem is there and will be seen before long; maybe on TV.

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Where Mr. Reston Goes Wrong

James Reston in two recent columns in *The New York Times* has argued against live television coverage of the impeachment debate, if and when it reaches the House floor, and—should it follow—the Senate trial of President Nixon. Since Mr. Reston is a thoughtful and influential commentator who reflects the views of other serious men, it is worth explaining why we take a different view of the matter. The thrust of Mr. Reston's initial objection to live coverage was that the President ought not to be pictured sitting "in the well of the Senate, like an accused criminal in the dock, with the Senate ablaze and the cameras turning and the whole country and the world watching." Given that stage setting, Mr. Reston wrote, "careful and precise discussion" would be almost impossible; it would be a "nightmare" for any House or Senate member, who rose to speak "knowing that [he] would be seen on Soviet, Chinese and European television . . . ."

As a newspaperman Mr. Reston is under no obligation to champion the printed word's more glamorous and powerful competitor—television. But is the picture he paints true to life? The chambers will not be newly "ablaze"; years ago adequate lighting was installed in the House to handle televised state-of-the-union speeches. The President in all probability would not even appear during the trial, but would be represented by counsel, as was President Andrew Johnson. Tensions would certainly be high, but not because of the presence of cameras.

In a second column Mr. Reston admonished the press, radio and television to act with "caution and self restraint . . . doing whatever keeps the emotion level down and maintains as calm and judicial an atmosphere as possible so that members of Congress can vote on the evidence rather than responding to the pressures of television and the press." As a general proposition the advice is incontestable and we trust the Congress will heed it. But the chief restraint Mr. Reston has in mind is the barring of TV cameras and microphones. He appreciates that this opens him to the charge of wanting to shut the public out, of being thought "undemocratic." He therefore reaches for some fundamental, historic justification for exclusion. He finds it in the Founding Fathers' assumption that the people's sovereign role is to elect a President and Congress, after which those elected representatives should be left to decide complex questions without further

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deference to any "referendum or popular vote." Impeachment, under this theory, is one of those complicated questions needing "time and judgment enough to study," without distracting interference from constituents or the media. It could logically be concluded —though Mr. Reston does not carry it that far—that the more the public knows the less likely it is that Congress will behave reasonably and fairly. That is wrong. As we said in this space some weeks ago: "A public opinion that is uninformed, misinformed, uneasy and suspicious is almost certain to act intemperately, hastily and destructively. It is only public opinion that has reason to believe it is not being deceived which can afford to be discriminating and composed." The script of the debate is not written by the media but by the President and the Congress, and we cannot see how the media's presence would significantly affect that script.

Moreover Mr. Reston makes too little of the pressures the President himself is bringing to bear on the impeachment debate. Mr. Nixon is not restrained from defending himself over the very medium—live television—that Mr. Reston wants to keep out of Congress. For more than a year in national televised speeches, press conferences and staged question-and-answer sessions, he has been proclaiming his innocence. He has misstated the position of Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski on requested White House tapes, misrepresented the requests for material from the House Judiciary Committee, and sarcastically derided the impeachment process. In the full glare of worldwide publicity, the President recently turned what should have been a somber show of respect for a dead French President into a handshaking political spectacle. Buffeted at home by proof that his personal tax returns were deficient in the amount of $432,787.13, the President and his aides used hastily arranged meetings in Paris with other heads of state to prove, as presidential aide Gen. Alexander Haig told newsmen, that "world leaders could not conceive of Mr. Nixon being impeached and convicted." The President uses every publicity channel at hand to convince the public and the Congress that despite what he or his aides may have done in the Watergate affair, his foreign policy achievements necessitate his political survival. And there's more to come—all of it to be visible on television. Mr. Nixon plans to visit Moscow just about the time the impeachment resolution is scheduled to be voted on in the Judiciary Committee and possibly sent on to the House floor. It has been left to Sen. James Buckley to tell him he ought to stay home.

Thanks in part to attacks on the media by the Nixon administration, public confidence in the press and network news programs as conveyors of unbiased truth has diminished. Is it to be restored by less complete coverage? How can the Congress—aware of polls showing that its own prestige is below even that of the President—expect the voters to accept only a filtered version of the extraordinary impending proceedings, or to understand what impeachment is all about if it cannot watch and hear the debate as it unfolds?

There was no television a century ago. Yet history tells of enormous pressures that were exerted during the trial of Andrew Johnson. Party caucuses sought to keep members in line. Detectives were hired to follow members whose votes were in doubt. Spies infiltrated social gatherings. Constituents were stirred up by protagonists for one side or the other. Threats ranged from political ostracism to assassination. At the War Office, Secretary Edwin Stanton deployed army generals to influence senators who, he believed, might be inclined to acquit a President he despised. Newsmen thought to have inside information were secretly questioned. There was talk of money changing hands in return for votes. At one point an attempt was made to bring up statehood for Arkansas, in order to net two more anti-Johnson votes. Would it have been worse had there been television?

Anyway, what would the cameras show us? In the House Judiciary Committee chairman Rodino would control the time of speakers, keeping a list of all those desiring to be heard. The committee report in support of the impeachment resolution would describe in detail the evidence supporting each allegation. The discussion would center on the importance, truth and relevance of evidentiary materials or the charges drafted from them. Members could direct questions at the various speakers, but there would be no witnesses or cross examination. Where's the horror or hoopla? And how could the Russians or Chinese profit by so open a display of the democratic process?

The Senate trial, if it follows what little precedent there is, would be anything but a "nightmare." The senators do not speak at all during the presentation of the charges or during the President's defense. Senators' questions are sent to the chief justice who presides. The House managers of the impeachment bill submit their case, and the President's counsel has a right to cross-examine. Both sides can call witnesses. Following the President's defense, each senator may have an opportunity to speak—for some specified time —on the whole bill of particulars. Thereafter the votes would be cast on each article. Cameras and microphones would record but not transform the quasi-judicial, quasi-political atmosphere.

Mr. Reston notes the point that full coverage would be "popular and educational for this and future generations of Americans." Is that not a compelling consideration in a nation that is as divided and as cynical about politics as America today? Or would he prefer congressmen to dart in and out of chambers to be interviewed outside by waiting newsmen? Would the public be more enlightened by such selective, secondhand reporting than by the real thing? The prologue to impeachment has been played before countless cameras. Why not the dénouement?

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Disunited Europe

The outcome of the French presidential election next month is almost certain to exacerbate France's already tense relations with both the US and the Western European community. The major candidates competing to succeed the late Georges Pompidou are all preoccupied, one way or another, with the notion of France's singularity. The leading right-wing contender, former Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas, is essentially a creature of the orthodox Gaullists, and though he sometimes projects an image of flexibility, he is likely to be manipulated by supporters who are striving to perpetuate General de Gaulle's concept of unique national identity and grandeur. The two other prominent conservative candidates, Finance Minister Valery Giscard d'Estaing and National Assembly Speaker Edgar Faure, are in a similar position. Neither represents an effective political party, and each would have to govern with the backing of the Gaullist majority in parliament. On the left, meanwhile, the Socialist François Mitterand is unhappily dependent for the success of his Popular Front on the Communists. In the event that his coalition wins, it can be expected to push France further toward neutralism.

The French elections come at a time when the other principal European nations are also suffering internal spasms. Plagued by inflationary pressures, West German Chancellor Willy Brandt's Social Democrats are harassed by young militants within their movement. This internal dissension led to Social Democratic losses in state and local elections last month and may defeat Brandt in an important contest to be held in Lower Saxony in June. Brandt now may be tempted to seek stronger US support at the expense of ties with his European neighbors. The British Labor Party, which clings to power with a minority of votes in the House of Commons, is moving in a similar direction and for similar reasons. Anxious for US help to resolve Britain's financial difficulties, Prime Minister Harold Wilson is edging away from the European community, as he said he would. The more openly pro-American line was evidenced the other day at a Common Market gathering in Brussels, when British Foreign Secretary James Callaghan defied French Foreign Minister Michel Jobert by insisting that the Europeans consult in advance with the US before meeting to discuss technical and economic cooperation with the Arab states. The Italian political structure is shaky, and, in the estimation of several observers, a Popular Front victory in France may stimulate a rise to power of Italy's Communist party.

The prospect of continued European disunity does not displease the Nixon administration, for it gives the President and Secretary of State Kissinger opportunity to play the Europeans off against each other and serves the administration's contention that Europe ought to fall into line behind Washington. The fragmentation of Western Europe has another consequence however. It makes it easier for the Soviet Union to pursue its divisive strategy within the Western alliance, which may explain why the Kremlin has lately been talking tougher.

Running Out Of Room

Oxford, England

Calcutta is one the poorest places on earth and New York among the richest, yet they and dozens of other cities on every continent have similar problems. Crowded, polluted and expensive, they suffer from traffic jams, inadequate housing, energy shortages, crime and they ain't seen nothin' yet. For the world population, now approaching four billion, will probably double by the end of the century, and more than half of the additional people will pour into urban areas. Most of this new humanity will swell the teeming cities of Asia, Africa and Latin America, already unable to provide shelter, transportation, water, sewage and employment for their inhabitants. The explosion not only augurs poverty, pestilence and despair, especially in developing lands, but is certain to contribute to the kind of mob violence that periodically erupts in Bombay and Los Angeles under the guise of communal disorders or race riots.

I arrived here for a conference at which, I hoped, the experts gathered to discuss the future of cities would at least offer some preliminary proposals for coming to terms with urban crisis. The experts included such prestigious figures as J. Kenneth Galbraith and Barbara Ward, as well as specialists from India, Japan, China, Brazil and a dozen other countries. I found, however, that they were better at defining problems than reaching any consensus on resolving them. A Communist Chinese delegate, for example, asserted that pressure on cities could be relieved by moving people to the countryside, but that strategy was rejected by Indians to whom totalitarian methods are anathema. A Latin American planner contended that agricultural areas ought to be developed in order to dissuade peasants from migrating to urban centers, but that notion was blasted by the forecast that the rural population in the poor countries will balloon to almost three billion within the next two decades. A New York politician who praised the advantages of urban renewal was challenged by a New York radical activist who argued that such schemes, when they work, push the poor into higher priced dwellings. It was pointed out too that ambitious programs are im-

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possible in lands that lack resources and are nagged by inflation. In 1920, for instance, a British colonial plan to build an underground drainage system for the Nigerian capital of Lagos was shelved because the cost, $250 million, was considered prohibitive; today the project would run to more than two billion dollars. Providing minimal accommodations for the 750,000 illegal squatters of Djakarta would, at $2000 per unit, cost $1.5 billion.

Focusing on the staggering dimensions of the worldwide crisis, some experts at the conference offered two lines of attack. Poor countries, they said, should stop trying to emulate Western standards and concentrate instead on inexpensive projects, meanwhile encouraging their people to engage in self-help programs for sheer survival. Harold Dunkerley, a World Bank specialist, stressed that jitneys and pedicabs make more sense in Bangkok and Madras than subways, and that simple workshops are better sources of employment than big industrial plants. José Artur Rios of Brazil echoed this theme in respect to housing. Describing the *favelas* of Rio de Janeiro, which accommodate 500,000 of the city's population of five million, he argued that the shantytowns are preferable to large housing projects even though they may be offensive to Western nostrils. Their inhabitants, many of whom recently moved to the city from bleak villages, can grow vegetables, raise chickens and breed children to help boost their tiny family incomes, and they are closer to their jobs than they would be in suburban apartments. Rios claimed that squatters ought to be tolerated and assisted rather than displaced, and his view is shared by city planners elsewhere. Charles Correa, a Bombay architect, has said that the Indian government should build mud-and-brick huts for the country's homeless millions, rather than attempt to settle a few in ugly concrete boxes that will become slums in a generation. Columbia Prof. Natalie Becker advanced a somewhat comparable approach to New York's housing dilemma. Asserting that the city's welfare recipients are better off in crumbling West Side brownstones than they would be in municipal projects they cannot afford, she warned in the words of the Beatles that people are becoming helpless victims of "the nowhere planner . . . making nowhere plans for nobody."

If the conference agreed on anything, it was on Galbraith's observation that "the most urgent need for improved urban existence is to accept that the modern city is, by its nature, a socialist enterprise." Housing, health care, transportation and other immediate essentials, he argued, must sooner or later be nationalized. Homes are clean but streets are filthy, personal wealth expands but there are not enough policemen to protect it. Hence in Galbraith's view it is no longer possible to separate small areas of private living because, as he put it, "the social aspect of modern city life is extremely expensive." In the future public expenditure will have to be higher than private expenditure, until the metropolis inevitably becomes a public rather than private domain.

But ridding cities of excess automobiles and land speculators is, in non-Communist countries at least, a long way off. And judging from the recommendations put forth at the conference, so are any solutions. Cities, it seems, will go on growing in haphazard fashion, a symptom of a world that cannot control its destiny. Depicting the shape of things to come, one delegate quoted the South African writer Alan Paton's portrayal of his own beleaguered society: "We shall live from day to day, and put more locks on the doors, and get a fine fierce dog when the fine fierce bitch next door has pups, and hold onto our handbags more tightly, and the beauty of trees by night, and the rapture of lovers under the stars, these things we shall forgo . . . We shall be careful and knock this off our lives, and that off our lives, and hedge ourselves about with safety and precaution."

Stanley Karnow

They Can't Go Home

Reality of Pacification

This story was first written last October as a news dispatch for *The Baltimore Sun.* It never made it to print in the newspaper. First it was lost, then it was delayed. Finally the *Sun* closed its bureau in Saigon. I was transferred to Tokyo. It was apparently decided that it would look odd to have the same by-line coming from Vietnam and Japan at the same time. So the story of Than Thuy village was "killed"—a minor casualty of the Vietnam war. In the newspaper business lots of good stories die like this, for reasons of time, space or some quick editorial decision on a busy night.

For a while I forgot all about Than Thuy, forgot about the tin shacks that felt like ovens under the relentless sun. I forgot about the sullen children who hated and feared us because our countrymen had burned down their original village, forgot about their sad, beaten parents who came out in crowds to plead for help in escaping from the "relocation center" where the American soldiers had left them, forgot about the South Vietnamese officials who kept the Than Thuy villagers as virtual prisoners in the squalid camp.

Then recently I came across the original copy of the unpublished article. I remembered standing in the blazing sun, shouting back to a group of hostile but pleading villagers, explaining the difference between a newspaper correspondent and a government official:

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"I do not have the power to let you go back to your village, but I can write about your situation," I said. The Than Thuy peasants spoke in words so forceful that it required little more than a series of quotes to tell their story. The setting reinforced the power of what they said. It was the bleakest landscape I had ever seen: rows of tin shacks baking on an unrelieved expanse of burning sand. No gardens. No trees. Barely enough water to drink. Men and women with nothing to do, sitting in their makeshift doorways, slapping flies, passing time, waiting for someone to listen to their story.

"Since the Americans burned our village we have been living here like dogs in holes"—a 76-year-old peasant in Than Thuy "relocation center."

"Many times since they made us move here, the local authorities have promised we could go home in the near future. But the near future never comes"—a 63-year-old man from the same village, also in the relocation center.

"They like it where they are. The people do not want to go back to their original village"—Maj. Doan Phuoc Hue, Dien Ban district chief, discussing the relocated villagers of Than Thuy.

The way the villagers describe the operation, it was the kind of "hamlet pacification" job that many Americans watched on the TV news. "In 1969 the American soldiers told us to get out of our houses and assemble in one place," a Than Thuy villager recalled. "Then they set fire to the houses and led us out of the village." In this manner more than 2000 Than Thuy villagers were "relocated." Their new "hamlets" were built about one mile from their original homes and about 10 miles south of Danang, in this northern coastal section of South Vietnam.

The district chief said the relocation was necessary to keep the peasants from falling into the hands of the Communists. He said that despite several armed attempts, the American and South Vietnamese soldiers had not been able to keep Vietcong "infiltrators" out of Than Thuy. The new hamlets were built along the edge of a government-controlled road where they could be more easily watched and defended. In this way the American and South Vietnamese armies hoped to win back and control the loyalty of the villagers.

Four years later it is clear that the relocation strategy—one that was repeated in countless hamlets throughout the Vietnamese countryside—was a failure for the South Vietnamese government and a tragedy for the people of Than Thuy. While the hamlet was merely "contested" four years ago, now South Vietnamese government officials say that 80 percent of the villagers sympathize with the Communists. Having failed to win the hearts and minds of these people, the government still keeps them in the squalid relocation camps where their movements can be closely watched and controlled.

The larger of the two camps is built on a series of sand dunes, three miles from the ocean. The people complain that nothing grows in the sand, and there are no trees to shade the tin roofs from the merciless sun.

After four idle years here, the villagers greet an American visitor with open hostility—a reaction that is still surprisingly rare in South Vietnam. They gather in crowds, pleading to be allowed to return to whatever remains of their old homes. They talk about the shade, the rich soil, the fruit trees and abundant water supply in the old hamlet. One man recalls with fondness periods of Vietcong rule before 1969. Complaining of the elaborate South Vietnamese regulations that limit their freedom now, this man said that under Vietcong rule they enjoyed more freedom and a higher standard of living. Most of the other peasants agreed.

Although this village is by no means typical of all of South Vietnam, it is an example of the marginal, contested areas where the Americans and South Vietnamese competed with the Communists for the support of the people. Now, months after the American departure—their piles of junked trucks, jeeps and helicopters rusting in the abandoned bases near here—this is how the South Vietnamese government controls the people whose support it could not win.

Here, as everywhere in South Vietnam, every household must have a "family book," listing all the members of the family. The people say that at night the village officials, appointed from Saigon, enter their houses without warning to inspect the family book. If it is after the seven pm curfew and a family member is missing without having reported his destination at village headquarters, the head of the family is arrested. (Under martial law the local authorities can arrest anyone and hold him indefinitely without trial as a suspected Communist. This gives the local officials, who are not natives of the area, unchecked power that is easily and often abused with various kinds of bribes and extortion.) The head of the family is held until the missing person returns or the authorities can be persuaded to be lenient. If the runaway does not return, it is assumed that he has joined the Vietcong. In this case the family head may be sent to a larger prison in a nearby city. Several villagers said that more than 100 people have been arrested in this manner since the 1969 relocation. A local government official estimated the figure at between 50 and 60 people.

The villagers are not allowed out of their houses after seven pm. The district chief said that his soldiers who patrol the relocation center have orders to shoot unless the person is carrying a candle, which he said is the sign of a medical emergency. When the villagers go to their fields they are allowed to carry only enough rice for one day. If they plan to go beyond their fields,

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they may not carry any food. This is to prevent them from taking supplies to the Communist troops. Soldier-inspectors search everyone leaving and entering the village. In practice, this search means that even when villagers have a little money, they can't buy rice from a neighboring town without paying off the inspectors at checkpoints along the way. If the inspectors can't be persuaded to look the other way, they have the power to confiscate anything more than the allowable daily ration.

That's what would have appeared in the *Sun* last fall. Since then the *Sun*, like many other good newspapers and TV stations, has reduced its coverage of Vietnam. US tax dollars continue to finance the South Vietnamese war effort, and the American President and Secretary of State continue to remind us that our commitment to the Thieu government has not ended. Lately their reminders have begun to sound frighteningly familiar. Nevertheless many American editors feel that the big story ended when the US troops went home. Probably rightly, the editors sense that American readers are tired of the Vietnam war story. The Than Thuy villagers are tired of it too. But unlike the GIs, they have not been allowed to go home.

Matthew J. Seiden

MR. SEIDEN *writes for* The Baltimore Sun *from Tokyo.*

The Nixon Watch

A Taxing Time

The announcement that Mr. Nixon would pay the taxes that the Internal Revenue Service and the Senate-House Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation said he owed on his income during the first four years of his presidency was couched in the familiar Nixon style. It began with a whine and ended with an assertion that if anybody was at fault in the matter it wasn't Richard Nixon.

However tedious it may be, a summary of the forgotten arithmetic and history of the Nixon tax situation is necessary if a finding of error and liability that is without precedent in the history of the American presidency is to be understood. Mr. Nixon reported a gross income of $1,122,347.37 in the four years of 1969-70-71-72. Claimed deductions from his gross income reduced his taxable income to $147,826.42 in 1969, zero in 1970, $5358.06 in 1971 and $19,707.77 in 1972. He paid a federal income tax of $72,682.09 for 1969; $792.81 (the inescapable minimum) for 1970; $878.03 for 1971; and $4298.17 for 1972. The biggest of the many deductions that enabled him to reduce his taxable income and his taxes to the foregoing extent was for a gift of his pre-presidential papers to the National Archives. The President maintained that the delivery of these papers to the archives on March 26-27, 1969, effectively and legally completed the gift on those dates. A law that Congress enacted and he signed in December 1969, allowed federal tax deductions for such gifts only if the gifts were legally completed by July 25, 1969. A justified suspicion in late 1968 and early 1969 that outgoing President Lyndon Johnson intended to make a series of gifts of his papers that would free him of federal income taxes for the rest of his life was partly responsible for the passage of this law. Mr. Johnson's commissioner of Internal Revenue and personal tax consultant, Sheldon Cohen, told me in 1973 that he advised his patron not to try to beat the impending deadline and Mr. Johnson had sense enough to follow the advice. It appears that Mr. Nixon didn't get that sort of advice and that, if he had gotten it, he wouldn't have followed it. He said last October that after his election in 1968 he learned from President Johnson that a public official could cut his income taxes way down by donating his papers to the government and deducting their appraised value from his gross income. One of the less believable elements of the Nixon tax story is the suggestion that Richard Nixon, a lawyer and a former US representative, senator and Vice President who was paid hundreds of thousands of dollars a year by wealthy and tax-conscious clients, didn't know about this before Lyndon Johnson enlightened him.

A professional appraiser valued the donated Nixon papers at $576,000. Provided that the gift was legally completed by July 25, it entitled the President to deduct the appraiser's figure of $576,000 from his gross income over the five years beginning with 1969. Mr. Nixon deducted $482,018 over the four years 1969-72, thereby reducing the federal income taxes that would otherwise have been due by $234,000 and leaving $93,982 available for deductions from his 1973 and 1974 income. As I reported months ago, an Internal Revenue Service computer seeking out the returns of people who paid low taxes on high incomes horrified the incumbent commissioner of Internal Revenue by spitting up the names of Richard and Patricia Nixon early last year. The commissioner, now departed, checked with a Nixon assistant and was told to go ahead and audit the returns. The IRS auditors did so in a perfunctory fashion and found nothing wrong. A district IRS director has been pilloried in the press for sending the President a form letter complimenting him on "the care shown in the preparation of your returns." By the lax standards of review then and previously applied to presidential tax returns, nothing was wrong with them. I remain unexcited by the news that the IRS official who sent the letter was promoted in 1974. Things were about to change, and change drasti-

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cally, when the Nixon returns were audited last May.

A *Washington Post* reporter, Nick Kotz, wrote in June of 1973 that the President had claimed a big tax deduction on the basis of his papers gift and raised questions about the validity of the claim. The Watergate scandals were swirling, the Senate's Watergate hearings were about to begin, and reports of large federal expenditures upon the President's Florida and California homes were stoking a national inferno of allegation and suspicion. On December 8, 1973 the President made what he called "a full disclosure of my financial affairs." He correctly said that "no previous President . . . has ever made so comprehensive and exhaustive a disclosure." No previous President needed to. The Nixon disclosures included the President's 1969-72 tax returns and a lot of other information, some of it previously revealed, about his finances and the arrangements that made the acquisition of his Florida and California properties possible. The data showed that an increase in the President's and Mrs. Nixon's net worth from $307,141 to $988,522 between January 1, 1969 and May 31, 1973, was mainly though not entirely due to huge deductions for tax purposes from his gross income and the little federal income tax that he paid in 1970, 1971 and 1972.

Mr. Nixon said in a statement accompanying the December 8 disclosure that "there may continue to be public questions about the tax consequences" of two transactions. One of the transactions was the gift of his papers. His second reference was to his claim that no capital gains tax was payable upon the sale in 1970 of about 23 acres of his San Clemente estate to his friends Robert Abplanalp and Charles G. Rebozo. Mr. Nixon announced that he was asking the Joint Committee on Internal Revenue Taxation to examine the papers gift and the San Clemente sale and "decide whether, in their judgment, my tax returns should have shown different results." He said in the next sentence of the statement: "I will abide by the committee's judgment."

What is known of the preliminaries to the President's decision to submit his tax record to the joint committee and statements at four White House media briefings that accompanied the December 8 disclosure indicate that Mr. Nixon and his advisers were confident that his tax record and behavior would be vindicated. He had impressive legal advice that his record and behavior should be vindicated. Two distinguished attorneys, H. Chapman Rose of Cleveland and Washington and Kenneth Gemmill of Philadelphia, were assisting him without fee on his tax problems. At White House briefings on December 7 and 8, Gemmill said again and again that the papers gift and the tax deduction that derived from it were valid. When he was asked whether his examination of Mr. Nixon's records satisfied him that "the President has not profited personally in any illegal way," he answered, "I am satisfied 100 percent." Mindful that the briefing rules were that the briefers including Gemmill could not be quoted by name, Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler said, "You can quote him directly on that." In a remark that White House assistants would hate to have quoted back to them now, about the President's decision to refer the papers gift and the San Clemente property sale to the joint committee, Gemmill said: "Really they have a great committee and they have a wonderful staff . . . Whatever the report they come up with, the President will abide by and that is that."

This brings us to the whine that was mentioned at the start of this report. The joint committee staff reported that the President underpaid his 1969 income tax by $171,055; his 1970 tax by $93,410; his 1971 tax by $89,667; and his 1972 tax by $89,890. The staff report made a persuasive showing that the 1969 Nixon papers gift was not legally completed before or by the July 25, 1969 deadline and that indictable fraud may have been committed in the effort to demonstrate that it was completed in time to justify the tax deductions that the President claimed. The White House whine emerged with the complaint that the joint committee had decided "to release a staff analysis of the President's taxes before the committee itself has had opportunity to evaluate the staff views and before the President's tax counsel could advise the committee of their views on the many legal matters in dispute in that report."

The interesting point, the point overlooked in the run of news accounts, is that the Nixon whine was in some part justified. It was true that the joint committee refused to give a hearing to the President's attorneys, Gemmill and Rose. It also was true that the committee permitted release of the staff report before it could have known of and approved the content of the report. This inquirer was advised to distinguish between the committee's and the committee staff's treatment of the President's lawyers. It was said for the committee staff and its director, Lawrence Woodworth, a fellow who is greatly revered by the Washington press corps, that the staff accorded the Nixon attorneys a courtesy and consideration that the committee did not accord them. In a literal sense this was true. But there was no denial that the Nixon attorneys' only communication with the joint committee was through the committee staff. Gemmill and Rose submitted their principal brief on February 19. It was an argument that the 1969 papers gift and the tax deduction derived from it, were valid. Sen. Carl Curtis of Nebraska, the President's only all-out defender on the committee, said that he saw this brief on March 31. It was this sort of thing that lent force to the view of Arizona Rep. John Rhodes, the Republican minority leader who succeeded Gerald Ford, that any congressional committee ought to keep its staff under closer control than the joint committee does.

The crusher for Mr. Nixon came when the Internal

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Revenue Service told him, the day before the joint committee staff published its report, that he had underpaid his 1969-72 income taxes by $432,787.13 and owed the government that amount, plus interest that according to a White House computation would bring the total to about $467,000. The White House story was that the President fell into a hell-with-it mood and decided to pay the amount billed by IRS when he learned that the joint committee wouldn't hear his attorneys before its staff report was released. This story is of a pattern with the Nixon tactic of trying to discredit any and all entities, whether they be congressional committees and staffs or the special Watergate prosecutor's staff, on the ground that they are prejudiced against the President and dedicated to his destruction. The President's attorneys are right when they say they could present a strong defense of his tax position. They could present a strong defense, that is, on strictly legal grounds. They must know and the President must know that they would be in trouble if they had to defend him on factual grounds. Mortimer Caplin, President Kennedy's commissioner of Internal Revenue, knew whereof he spoke when he said of the joint committee report that "it is a very disturbing report. Item after item makes one wonder."

John Osborne

Cocked and Ready to Go

Nukes Nobody Needs

by Walter Pincus

On NATO airfields in Europe and the Near East, American-built tactical fighter-bombers, each loaded with a nuclear weapon almost 10 times as powerful as the Hiroshima A-bomb, sit day and night at the end of runways ready to be launched on 15-minute notice. In nearby ready-rooms, 24 hours a day, seven days a week, pilots waste away their turns on alert, waiting for a signal that could send some of them on a mission over the Soviet Union. At American-run NATO bases the pilots are American. At most other NATO bases the pilots are nationals of the host country. At all bases American custodial units retain control over the mechanism that arms the weapon. Normally each aircraft is screened off by a wire fence, and there is an armed guard to prevent an unauthorized seizure of the unarmed bomb.

In Defense Department terminology, these are Quick Reaction Alert (QRA) aircraft. The exact number that sit poised and ready to go at this moment is classified, though it probably exceeds 100.

QRA aircraft overseas are not limited to NATO. There are some American-piloted tactical fighters with nuclear weapons on QRA in the Far East. In one country the US withdrew an aging nuclear-tipped missile and had to replace it with some weapon visible to the local government. A Polaris submarine would not do since it would be underwater somewhere; not enough visibility. A few F-4s loaded nuclear did just fine. Since the F-4 is dual-capable—able to carry both conventional and nuclear weapons—it was decided that in another Far Eastern country it should be placed in the most "cost-effective" mode. That meant nuclear, and how else could it be maintained but on QRA. The result: more nuclear delivery systems, cocked and ready to go on 15-minute notice.

QRA aircraft have been around for dozens of years. The Soviet, Chinese and NATO military all know about them. The American public does not. They are a stumbling block in the strategic arms limitations talks because the Soviets consider those planes as strategic weapons, capable of reaching their territory. The US and its allies call them tactical. Since few members of Congress are even aware of QRA aircraft, and even fewer know where they are situated, this phase of the SALT negotiations gets little private review and almost no public notice.

Last month a former Defense Department assistant secretary from the McNamara days, Alain C. Enthoven, delivered a blistering attack on QRA aircraft in a public session of Sen. Stuart Symington's security commitments subcommittee, which is making the first public study of tactical nuclear weapons policy. "QRA makes no sense at all," Enthoven declared. "It had become an anachronism more than 10 years ago when the Soviets deployed more than enough intermediate and medium range missiles in the Western

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USSR to destroy each of the QRA airfields several times over." Enthoven went on to point out that in a major nuclear exchange QRA aircraft would be "useless in a second strike or retaliatory role." In a conventional war they would not truly be dual-capable, because commanders would keep them nuclear armed in case the NATO situation deteriorated. Furthermore, Enthoven pointed out, in a major Warsaw Pact invasion, because of the "vulnerability" of the QRA aircraft, "decision makers may be tempted to use them before they are wiped out." Thus their forward position could hasten nuclear exchange.

Noting the enormous costs of basing squadrons of QRA fighter-bombers abroad, Enthoven suggested it would be cheaper and more effective to assign their missions to "three or four Poseidon armed submarines . . . [then] nuclear weapons of QRA ought to be brought home and dismantled."

Four years ago, while working for the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and Sen. Symington, I had an opportunity to study the QRA aircraft problem firsthand. I was appalled by what I learned. In one country bordering the Soviet Union, the air force officer charged with storing nuclear weapons admitted he had far too many bombs for the aircraft stationed or expected on the base in the event of a war. One year earlier he had received a shipment of newly developed nuclear bombs, but none of his old ones were removed. In a country that had recently experienced a revolution, Americans in nuclear custodial units recalled how a tank from the host country army positioned itself in front of a QRA aircraft piloted by a host country air force pilot. In the uprising the army and air force were on opposite sides of the battle. In another country, a local general asked his American counterpart if he could use a tactical nuclear weapon in a fight then going on with a neighboring country.

QRA aircraft represent only one of several questionable nuclear weapons systems the US has deployed in Europe and elsewhere. Along the West European border between NATO and Warsaw Pact countries, there are hundreds of artillery pieces designed to deliver eight-inch and 155-millimeter nuclear shells. Since these guns fire less than 20 miles, they are often placed quite close to the border—apparently as a balm to host countries, which want to believe that if nuclear weapons are fired, the projectiles will explode on the enemy's land and not their own. Since they are stationed so close to the border, however, the weapons and their nuclear shells pose a dilemma: in a surprise attack the temptation would be to use them quickly or move them back from the border almost immediately upon the outbreak of fighting.

Since their range is limited and thus their use in any real war questionable, why do such weapons have nuclear warheads? Defense Secretary James Schlesinger gave the amazing answer in his appearance before the Symington subcommittee on April 5. Recalling his days with the Atomic Energy Commission, which builds nuclear weapons, Schlesinger said there was "some measure of truth" to the charge that once fissionable materials began to be produced in large quantities, the Joint Chiefs of Staff wanted to use all the materials available, irrespective of any previous plan or warfare doctrine. To illustrate his point, Schlesinger noted that the eight-inch nuclear shell development "reflected the availability of U-235" and not any real military need. Enthoven recalled that the "nuclear artillery rounds . . . for land warfare in Europe were never subject to the same kind of rational analysis" brought to bear on conventional weapons. "It was simply a race to equip everybody—even the infantry—with nuclear weapons."

Another weapon built during that period and now deployed in Europe is the atomic demolition mine (ADM). Its nuclear blast would destroy major mountain passes, thus forcing any invading enemy to go through routes that would leave them exposed to NATO air and land counterattacks. In practice, however, the ADM has been a disaster. To work adequately the ADM should be pre-positioned in a prepared hole, so that if an invasion occurs, the ADM can quickly be detonated. The Germans have refused to permit such holes to be dug because they have no desire to see the nuclear devices exploded on their territory. The ADM creates an additional hazard: it forces quick use of nuclear weapons. Since it is designed to block an invading army, if it is not fired almost immediately, it will be quickly overrun. As with the QRA aircraft and the nuclear artillery, the ADM would push an American President into either quickly employing or losing weapons.

Enthoven suggested that of the 7000 nuclear weapons now in Europe, no less than 6000 could safely be returned to this country. In so testifying he added a bureaucratic reason for such a step: if you don't, there will be pressure to replace them by better weapons. The nuclear artillery shells are a case in point. Last year the Nixon administration requested nearly one billion dollars to begin production of new eight-inch and 155-millimeter nuclear shells. The new warheads, it was argued, were "cleaner" than the old and thus could be used in Europe with less danger of triggering nuclear escalation. Furthermore these shells were to have a new protective device to make them inoperable in event they were stolen by a terrorist group. Congress refused the money, but development of the new shells is continuing and a new request is expected next year.

Defense Secretary Schlesinger indicated in his testimony that some consideration is being given to suggestions such as those made by Enthoven. "We are taking a hard look at QRA aircraft," Schlesinger said. He also hinted that the size of the European nuclear stockpile might be reduced. Defense Department

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spokesmen would not expand on that hint.

"Once [nuclear weapons] have been developed they get produced," former Defense Department Assistant Secretary Paul Warnke told the Symington subcommittee. "Once they get produced they get deployed. And once they get deployed it is almost impossible to pull them back." Warnke testified that during President Johnson's term the idea of cutting back the European nuclear stockpile "came up from time to time . . . but it never was pushed seriously. . . ." The Pentagon bureaucratic infighting that develops around any military force reduction is beyond public understanding. When the items involved are nuclear weapons, the difficulties are magnified for the number of people cleared to discuss the matter is limited, and many of them derive their status from keeping the warhead level where it is or raising it. However serious questioning of tactical nukes seems underway.

Reinforcing the natural bureaucratic hesitancy to move is the "apprehension" any reduction would create among our European allies. If that argument doesn't convince, the anti-reduction forces always argue that unilateral reductions would be read by the Soviets as a sign of weakness. The slogan is: don't take anything out of Europe unless the Soviets do.

Schlesinger's testimony suggests the outlines of a tactical nuclear trade-off. There would be a reduction in numbers of warheads. Those that remain would be kept in "highly secure" storage, apparently well away from the borders of Warsaw Pact countries. That could eliminate forward-based QRA aircraft, ADMs and perhaps short-range nuclear artillery. The fewer remaining tactical nuclear weapons would, in Schlesinger's terms, be more "precise" than those now on hand. The deterrent to a Communist invasion would not be tactical nuclear weapons but the conventional forces of the NATO allies. Schlesinger seems to agree with Enthoven that there is already a rough parity between the conventional armies of the two pacts. US tactical nuclear weapons would henceforth serve only to deter Communist use of similar weapons.

Whether the US needs to develop a new tactical warhead, one that is "cleaner" with limited or no fallout, to play such a deterrent role is doubtful. What is not doubtful is that QRA aircraft, ADMs and nuclear artillery shells are dangerous and unnecessary.

Medicaid and Its Alternatives

When Mrs. Gravely Gets Sick

by Eliot Marshall

Sen. Kennedy and Rep. Wilbur Mills took their colleagues by surprise on April 2 when they announced they had reached an agreement on national health insurance. Together they introduced a new bill to provide "compulsory" health insurance for every citizen and establish the Social Security Administration as the central financing office. Private policies would be done away with, but not private doctors, hospitals or insurance companies. The insurers would continue to operate as the providers and processors of a standard policy written by the government. The idea was announced to the press as a "compromise" that would cost no more than the administration's health bill, but would deliver better service. The Kennedy-Mills alliance livens up the debate on health insurance and reduces the likelihood that either of its major competitors—the Nixon plan and the bill offered by Sens. Long and Ribicoff—will be approved this year.

Kennedy's sudden shift away from the more beneficent health security act he endorsed five years ago has stirred a good deal of speculation about his motives, as has Mills' desertion of the Nixon bill. Kennedy is rumored to see a serious and immediate threat in the bill offered by Ribicoff and Long, who between them have the power to move out of the Finance Committee and onto the floor with their plan whenever they want. Mills on the other hand is said to be responding vigorously to the Bolling committee report on House reform, which suggested that the Ways and Means Committee (headed by Mills) is too busy to cope with health matters and should be relieved of the job. The politics of health are always unstable because so many volatile interests and votes are at stake. But the problems remain the same. Today they take the form of money questions, the two most urgent being 1) how can people who are too poor to buy insurance

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get help and 2) how can people avoid financial ruin when their insurance fails to pay?

Even a brief encounter with the health bureaucracy teaches one that its overriding goal today is to keep people who have no money out of the hospital and to get people with money inside. Last week I discovered by chance what it's like to apply for Medicaid, the federal program for the poor, in Washington, DC. An old friend and employee of my family, Mrs. Lillie Gravely, suddenly developed a problem that her doctor told her was caused by a kidney blockage. She was told to have an X-ray taken immediately and to get herself into a hospital for further examination and possibly an operation. Mrs. Gravely knew that she was headed for trouble because she has no health insurance, no savings to speak of and a small income of $15 a day when she is working. She lives in a house with her daughter, son-in-law and nine grandchildren, who depend on her for help in paying bills. Mrs. Gravely has never taken welfare and doesn't want to. When asked about this by a government clerk, she said, "If my daughter can feed nine children, she can feed me too." She is far from the golden age of 65 when she will be able to claim Social Security and Medicare. But the pain was bad enough to launch her on the grim odyssey in search of Medicaid, which began in the emergency room of the Providence Hospital in Washington. She gained entrance by citing the policy provided to her son-in-law by his employer. That got her to a cot, where she waited eight hours before being X-rayed. (Afterward she received a bill for $72—the cost of the X-ray, painkiller and use of the bed—and a note informing her that she would have to pay the bill herself because she is not in the "immediate family" of the insuree.)

Now X-rayed, Mrs. Gravely still had to get into the hospital. Her doctor is on the staff of the Washington Hospital Center, an expensive private institution. He wanted her to go there for treatment, but the hospital does not accept patients unless they are insured, can post a cash deposit based on the expected length of stay or prove they are covered by Medicaid. Mrs. Gravely *did* have health insurance at one time, but she gave it up when she discovered that it wouldn't pay hospital bills. She had tried to get Medicaid once before, just in case of emergency. But the clerk had sent her away, saying she shouldn't pester the government for help unless she needed it. She can't afford the cash deposit.

Following her visit to Providence Hospital, Mrs. Gravely went early in the morning to the District of Columbia Human Resources office. She explained that she needed a Medicaid card to get into the Washington Hospital Center at 3 o'clock that afternoon, the time appointed by her doctor. Though sick, she was told she had to apply in person and wait her turn like dozens of others around her. She stayed until 3 o'clock and beyond, and eventually was told to come back with more documents: her life insurance, a copy of her bank statement, a statement from her employer. On her second visit, she was told she needed a more recent bank statement. She rested. On her third visit, a week after her doctor had told her she should be in the hospital, the clerk at the Medicaid office told her she had been approved for a red-and-white card, not a black-and-white card, and that she would receive it in

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"Are you covered by hospitalization at the present time? And if so, what kind and how much?"

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the mail after some other clerks had verified all her documents. Mrs. Gravely protested that she was a week overdue in the hospital. After some negotiation the clerk agreed that if she wished, Mrs. Gravely could have the hospital call the Medicaid office before 3 o'clock and they would vouch for her as a cardholder. But it later turned out that the red-and-white card is good for the municipal hospital only—DC General—and it doesn't pay for doctor bills. Like many others, Mrs. Gravely sees DC General as the place where they "put all kinds of people together, dope addicts and everything." But she is prepared to go there because she sees no other choice. When she called the Medicaid office to get the number on her card, she was told the computer had broken down, and she thinks she still hasn't been approved. Had she been accepted by Medicaid, she would have received a black-and-white card that opens doors but doesn't pay all bills. A black-and-white card would let her choose doctors and hospitals for herself, as others do. But the law reserves that card for families with dependent children (welfare folks), the blind and disabled. Mrs. Gravely says she heard about someone fresh from the country who was asked to pay $100 under the table for a black-and-white card (and got one). No one offered her such a deal.

It is intriguing to consider how the three major proposals in Congress might handle Mrs. Gravely. A single person without dependents (which is how the law sees her), earning a full-year's minimum wage in 1973 ($3900) would not be considered a needy case by the administration. The Nixon bill puts such a person in the "employed" category and requires the employer to offer a government-approved private insurance plan. The cost for an individual is $240 a year: $60 to be paid by the employee, $180 by the employer. A family plan costs $600 a year. Since the program is voluntary, many employees will opt for the cash in hand rather than a policy costing $60 or $210. They will be all the more reluctant to pay when they learn that after handing out $60 or $210 for the premium, they will still have to spend $150 in medical "deductibles" per person (up to a limit of $450 a family) and $50 in drug bills each year before the insurance helps out. After that the insurance requires "co-payments" of 25 percent until all debts total $1500, beyond which the government pays everything. To qualify as a needy case, an individual must earn less than $3500 a year, and a family must earn less than $5000 in "regular" income or less than $7500 in "unearned" income. Those accepted to the low-income plan pay no premiums, but they still make co-payments at a reduced rate.

The Long-Ribicoff bill puts a heavy emphasis on "catastrophic illness." The poor must be very, very poor before they receive help. A single person earning $3900, for example, must have $1500 in medical bills before becoming eligible for relief. A family of four must spend all but $4800 of its income before getting help. Of course there are upper limits too: no person or family would have to spend more than $2000 for medical treatment or pay for more than 60 days of hospital care in one year. But for those not in the catastrophic class, the bill offers little else. It suggests private insurance. The Secretary of HEW would be asked to establish model guidelines and certify health policies that meet his standards as "approved by the US government."

The Kennedy-Mills compromise is a patchwork, using bits of the above systems and parts of the old Kennedy-Griffiths plan. Everyone who pays Social Security tax would be covered, and no one would pay premiums. An increase in payroll tax would take care of the money: employers would pay three percent more and employees and welfare recipients would pay one percent. The bill asks yearly co-payments of up to $150 for each person, with a limit of $300 for families, plus 25 percent of all costs thereafter. Kennedy didn't want this provision, but Mills insisted on it. It may be removed or modified later. As if to offset this section, the bill includes a far more generous interpretation of catastrophic costs. No person or family would pay more than $1000 out of pocket in a year, and those earning between $2400 and $8800 would pay much less. For example a single person making $3900 would under no circumstances be liable for more than $375. Both this plan and the Long-Ribicoff bill would redefine the law so that Mrs. Gravely would be considered a part of her daughter's family. With a group income below $8000, they would pay no medical bills.

There are many other differences, and many fine points will come out in debate. But the broad issues are easily discerned. The Long-Ribicoff bill is narrow: it would aid only the people made desperate by today's system and it would pressure insurance companies to reform. The administration's bill is much bolder. It attempts to rewrite the system in a way that would give everyone quick and easy access to doctors and hospitals, but it would impose heavy consumer costs and fines for late payment. Its inflation controls are weak. Although it would remove many of the mechanical barriers that prevent people from seeking treatment now, it would saddle them afterward with large bills that might prove just as discouraging. It would channel rivers of new money into the insurance business, providing control only at the state level. The Kennedy-Mills plan is the most ambitious. Everyone who pays Social Security or receives welfare would get a charge card that any doctor or hospital would be required to honor. It would do away with much of the red tape in the private insurance industry and replace it with new red tape, but tape of a different quality. The burden of cost justification would shift from the patient to the doctors and hospitals. Finally, it would lessen the outrageous costs borne by the working poor.

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Keeping Democrats Happy and Together

Chairman Strauss' Hot Seat

by Paul R. Wieck

"Every 10 days or so, I go through an hour or so of indulging in a little self pity," Democratic National Chairman Robert S. Strauss says as he stands, looking off into space, in the middle of his modest corner office on the fourth floor of a new building in the 1600 block of Massachusetts Avenue, a part of town the Democrats share with smaller embassies unable to afford the plush addresses further up the avenue. "Then," he continues, "I stop to think no chairman has ever had more support than I've had."

He runs through the list—"almost total support on the Hill," turning to look you directly in the eye as he points out he's the only chairman who's ever been invited to congressional leadership breakfasts; the same from "the governors" who invited him to their leadership huddles; "good support" on the national committee, and finally an assessment rarely uttered in Washington in these days of Watergate, inflation and the energy crisis: "the press had been more than fair." He says he told Helen, his wife, the other night that he "didn't take the job to win a popularity contest." If one's indiscreet enough to ask how Strauss is getting on with his old Democratic enemies in Texas, the voice hardens just a trifle: "I don't ask them for a grade. Why don't you ask them?"

Strauss is a very sensitive man who, like other Texas politicians past and present, wears his feelings on his sleeve. It's disarming, and a listener may never wake up to the fact Strauss hasn't spilled any details of his game plan, or even answered the question asked. He *is* in a popularity contest and he wants to win it, and to be loved. His grade is at least a solid B-plus now and he's getting that mark from people who feared him most 15 months ago.

In December of 1972, few saw Strauss as a party unifier. He was the entry of a purge-minded, old guard coalition incensed because the McGovernites had stolen their party in broad daylight, using a new set of rules the old timers hadn't bothered to read. Strauss' backers were insistent on getting back to business as usual, on dumping Jean Westwood, George McGovern's hand-picked chairperson. They did it with Strauss. Their success fanned the fears of the party's left-wing ideologues, driving them to the verge of paranoia when they pondered the fate of the body of reforms that opened the party to them.

It's now a pretty safe bet Strauss will preside over the institutionalization of 75 to 85 percent of the McGovern reforms. One of his chief sponsors 15 months ago, the AFL-CIO's Al Barkan, is being quoted as telling a Midwestern governor that Strauss is "the worst political mistake" he's ever made. But a lot of others are basking in the new climate; Democrats of all stripes are talking to each other.

To understand Strauss the politician, it's helpful to remember he's a product of the consensus politics of a one-party state—Texas. He understands power. Unlike some of his peers, he isn't inclined to abuse it, as Billie Carr, a national committee member from Texas and longtime intraparty foe of Strauss will testify. "It's absolutely not like the Connally days," she says. "He now speaks to me and talks to me sometimes."

To Strauss power lies in elected officials and the people who put up the money to get them elected. He caresses both unashamedly. He was never in better form than the night in mid-March when 1500 Democrats gathered in the huge ballroom of the Washington Hilton at $500 a plate to raise a kitty for the party's congressional slate. He worked the crowd, table by table, greeting one and all in his soft, Texas drawl, his curly hair glistening with gray above a smooth, late winter tan.

Strauss comes naturally by his liking for officeholders and those who put up the money. He broke out of the obscurity of a Dallas law firm a dozen years ago when his old friend John Connally became governor and put him on the state banking board. Then he picked up the national committee post from Texas and found his slot on the national scene as a fundraiser, eventually becoming the party's treasurer in Larry O'Brien's day. In that role he engineered the first successful telethon at Miami Beach in 1972 (a third is planned this summer). As chairman he inherited a nine million dollar debt and has cut it to a manageable $2.5 million. His direct mail operation has built up a list of 350,000 contributors he hopes will shell out the two million dollars it costs to run the DNC every year (last year's direct mail take was $1.7 million; however it's running 105 percent ahead of 1973 for the first three months of 1974).

Once installed, Strauss went to see key elected officials "from every element of the party." One of his first stops was Montgomery, Alabama, where he called on Gov. George Wallace to ask if he and his constituency wanted to participate in the party. "He asked me

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on what basis and I told him on the same basis as everybody else. As long as they're Democrats and work within the party, I'll try to see everybody is treated fairly."

Wallace told him he didn't want to run anything but did want to participate "and know what's going on." He asked for one of the 25 at-large spots on the national committee and one of the 25 seats on the executive committee, a modest request Strauss had no problem fulfilling. Wallace sent Strauss the name of Micky Griffin, a young, modishly coiffured aide who was promptly named to both posts and, to quote Strauss, has been able to "function well" with his colleagues on both of these party panels.

Strauss' overtures to Wallace did cost him one of his key supporters on the national committee—Alabama Democratic Chairman Robert Vance, a leader in the anti-Wallace faction within that state's party and an early Strauss supporter. Vance led a fight to purge two pro-Strauss members of the executive committee at the Southern regional caucus and came within a few votes of winning.

Courting the elected officials and the big givers is duck soup compared to handling the Delegate Selection (Mikulski) and Charter (Sanford) Commissions mandated by the 1972 convention. Here his big problem has been Al Barkan and the assorted forces gathered in the Coalition for a Democratic Majority (CDM). Since Westwood had appointed the members of both commissions, Barkan pressured Strauss to increase the membership enough to insure repeal of the despised rules that brought legions of blacks, browns, women and youth with militant viewpoints to Miami Beach; proportional representation, which dilutes the power of the old guard at the grass roots level; and the plans for a mid-term conference that proponents see as an opportunity to put a British-style ideological stamp on the party. Strauss did pad the Charter Commission but, threatened with a law suit (he knows elected officials hate untidy things like law suits) he backed off on the Delegate Selection Commission. Both commissions have now reported and Barkan's boys didn't begin to accomplish their ends, nor do they think Strauss helped them as much as he should have. A Strauss aide, discussing what he called "the interesting relationship" between the two men some months ago, said: "It's fun to watch; Al believes he has to keep the pressure on Strauss because he knows pressure is coming from the other side. They communicate by shouting. They go about it seriously but it's a wonderful spectacle."

Strauss wants a broad-based party and knows he can't have it if he takes orders from Barkan; still, the deterioration of their relationship bothers him. His face clouded when I mentioned Barkan was being quoted as saying some harsh things. "I'm a great admirer of Al Barkan," Strauss said, after acknowledging he too had been hearing disquieting reports. "I see him fighting very effectively for the unmet needs of people. I've just been on the Hill lobbying for postcard registration with his people."

Strauss is not strong on keeping up with the complicated detail involved in sorting out new rules. Baltimore City Councilperson Barbara Mikulski says that he concentrated on giving her the financial resources she needed to run the commission—about $100,000. She praises him for "making funds available for people who wouldn't have been able to participate otherwise." She says he never tried to tell her what to do during the deliberations. Strauss moved only after the commission had adopted its report and pressure from Barkan's wing mounted. Not surprisingly, the chairman tried to hide behind the authority of elected officials, but that backfired when they declined to take sides. For example Strauss proposed a substantial number of changes in the final report of Mikulski and her colleagues on the delegate selection panel when it was taken before the DNC early in March. To bolster his position he called in aides of a half dozen key senators (Muskie, McGovern, Jackson, Bentsen, etc.) and outlined the proposed changes. Tipped off, the backers of the commission report went to the source and were told in almost every case that "the senator" could live with either the commission report or the changes proposed. When the reformers caught someone saying "Senator so-and-so wants it," they merely suggested the senator in question be called. With that, the ploy collapsed. Strauss' executive committee would approve only two modest changes.

Faced with strong support from blacks and women for the rules as reported out and a probable moderate-to-liberal majority of DNC members in favor, Strauss agreed to accept the only two changes approved by the executive committee—an increase from 10 to 15 percent in the minimum needed to get representation in a delegation (by that time the Wallaceites had also discovered it was to their advantage), and an increase in the membership of the Compliance Review Commission (CRC), the enforcement panel, from 17 to 25.

Billie Carr, floor leader for the liberal wing, had one of her conversations with Strauss the day the DNC met to vote on the delegate selection commission rules. "He came up to me and said 'Billie, what is it you want?' I told him we wanted the Delegate Selection Commission report adopted as it was. He told me he only wanted two changes. I told him we could

COMING: Ernest Gruening reviews *A Heartbeat Away,* an account of Agnew's fall

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probably live with the 15 percent on proportional representation but that I'd like to know who the 25 members of the CRC would be. He turned to an aide and said 'give her a list.' I took it to our caucus and we went over it and decided it was fair." Carr gives him full credit for using his power as chairman that day to see that no other changes were made. "We got 85 percent of what we wanted," she observes.

The report of the Charter Commission will be the main item of business at the mid-term conference of Democrats in Kansas City in December. As it reads now, the report institutionalizes the major reforms of recent years—proportional representation, the ban on use of the unit rule, timeliness in the selection of delegates (the process must start in the year of nomination), the formula for apportionment of delegates (50 percent population, 50 percent Democratic presidential vote), a mid-term conference, a judicial council to decide disputes. If adopted by the convention, the reforms will be established. Strauss insisted that the mid-term convention be put off until after the fall election and that issues not be discussed. It is this reluctance to get into issues that brings the most persistent criticism on Strauss. "I understand the point of view of people who think I've been derelict on issues," he says. "I thought after all the emotional issues in 1972, my first task was to get people talking civilly to each other." He has, however, named an "advisory council" of 50—you guessed it—elected officials. He has probably not forgotten how annoyed his Texas mentors—Lyndon Johnson and Sam Rayburn—became in the late '50s, when the outspoken Democratic Advisory Council kept blasting away. At any rate Strauss has supplemented his council of elected officials with "task forces" of distinguished experts.

Ever anxious to keep his party working together, Strauss has found another way around his "issues problem" at Kansas City, courtesy of the Democratic Forum—a new, independent Washington-based group led by young attorneys who served Muskie or McGovern last year and who hold regular meetings at which various specialists and elected officials discuss key issues (no stands are taken). Strauss met with them, decided they didn't have their knives out for him, and named a couple of his aides to work with them on a series of issue panels for delegates the day before the mid-term convention opens in Kansas City.

Structuring is a Strauss specialty and he gets high marks for his fund-raising, the campaign seminars sponsored by the committee, the various support services. "He's a good technician," says Alan Baron, head of the Democratic Planning Group (DPG), formed and financed by the party's liberal wing to monitor Strauss' activities. The relationship between Baron, who was Westwood's administrative assistant, and Strauss and his aides is a shining example of the new civility. The first time Strauss met Baron, who puts out a regular report on what happens at DNC and commission meetings, he was "mesmerized," to quote a Strauss aide. "It was at a cocktail party and he couldn't keep his eyes off him. He kept going back to talk to him." In those days, the Strauss crowd indulged in deprecating remarks about Baron. But late last year Bob Keefe, Strauss' top campaign expert, allowed that "Baron is a very handy person to have around. He has a lot more sense than the people he represents." He went on to say Strauss urged several liberals to send Baron some money to keep his operation going.

Baron nevertheless wonders if Strauss is up to the next round: "He doesn't assume the electorate has changed much in the last decade or two. I wonder if he has a conceptual idea of what to do about it." One symptom of the changing nature of the electorate is the rising of the left-outs for more power. That demand was behind the drive for a quota system. It's behind the substitute for quotas—"affirmative action" to bring women, youth, minorities into the mainstream of party activity. Strauss worries about having the "burden of proof" for affirmative action placed on the state parties (so do the state chairmen), but those for it are adamant and it's now up to Strauss and his 25-member Compliance Review Commission headed by former Mayor Robert Wagner of New York to make it work. It could lead to those endless disputes that Strauss and elected officials who honestly favor an open party hate. At a recent Democratic Women's Conference three out of four women brought together by the national committee rose to their feet cheering when Liz Carpenter warned Strauss and Barkan that they'd better not sell affirmative action short. Later she said "they have to realize today's Democratic woman is in pants suits, not complete with diamond and cane. We're pushier, noisier and more strident. We're not tip-toeing around any more." And yet Carpenter gives Strauss an "A" for effort in trying to pull the party together.

To Strauss it's all worth it. He lives for politics and considers himself lucky, at 55, to be able to spend his own money (he takes no salary, is on leave from his law firm) on the job. He didn't take the job to make it in the Washington social whirl. On a free evening you can find him dining at one of the good "beef" restaurants Southwesterners like, rather than at one of the "chic" spots. He goes home to Dallas every weekend he can and, to the despair of younger aides, is always ready to leave the choicest resort ahead of schedule to get home.

He knows his toughest days are ahead. If the Kansas City convention blows up, the party could be right back to where it was 15 months ago, and after Kansas City, Democrats will start picking sides in the 1976 presidential sweepstakes, and that can be very untidy to a man whose aim is to keep everybody happy and together.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Short Eyes

(Anspacher)

Clarence Darrow

(Helen Hayes)

There's some temptation to hate yourself at a play like *Short Eyes*. Here is a drama cut right out of some urgent social troubles of our time, performed by people (for the most part) who know firsthand what they are talking about. And yet, within the framework of an art, it's defective—even a trifle boring. Occasionally you feel a twinge of conscience for not capitulating to it. But no. At the last, no: if it was worth doing in the theater, then the theater is worth something; and theatrically *Short Eyes* is flawed.

It's set in a dayroom of a House of Detention, presumably in New York. Most of the characters are prisoners awaiting trial on drug and burglary charges. Most are black or Puerto Rican. Most of the performers and the author, Miguel Piñero, are ex-convicts. (The bio notes in the program are a sharp change from the usual stuff.) These actors got together as a group called The Family, a theater workshop in the Bedford Hills Correctional Facility in Westchester County, working under a director named Marvin Felix Camillo. Some of the original members dropped away, these men kept together after release, and under Camillo kept working at the Theater of the Riverside Church in New York, where Piñero was playwright-in-residence. Earlier this year they produced *Short Eyes*, which was seen by Joseph Papp and was transferred to one of the theaters in the Public Theater building.

The term "short eyes" is prison slang for a child molester, a kind of criminal despised by other criminals. This group of prisoners has its racial antagonisms—black against "Rican," both against the one white man—but they all unite in dislike of the white newcomer, Davis, when they learn he is a "short eyes." With the connivance of a white guard who also loathes him, they murder Davis and get it accepted as suicide. They are told later that Davis was a victim of mistaken identity, but there is a double switch: one of the prisoners, an older Rican, knows that the mistaken identity is itself a mistake—because Davis confided in him at length about his psychosexual history. He *was* guilty. But the Rican—possibly because he promised Davis confidence, possibly out of deference to Davis' widow so she can at least believe her husband died innocent—keeps mum.

The writing of the play is schizoid. The banter, teasing, homosexual play and fights are pungent, vital. They give the impression of extemporizations that have been taped and preserved, according to a scenario, rather than of dialogue written and memorized. In clumsy contrast are such passages as Davis' long confessional narrative and the examination of the prisoners by an officer, which were written on a rusty typewriter. The interest of the performance—and it does work up some interest—comes entirely from the work of the group as group under Camillo: a free-flowing, colorful essay in the self-histrionism of the characters, who are perhaps not so terribly distant from the performers—the creation of a kind of jungle of nativity into which Davis comes like a stranger. That atmosphere, compressed by David Mitchell's grim prison walls, is the best thing about the evening.

But because the evening wears on and makes efforts at art that become strained, the attention wanders. One critic said that attention wanders at *Short Eyes* because the audience is busy testing out the characters' emotions in themselves. Odd how infrequently that sort of wandering occurs at *Oedipus Rex*. My attention wandered because I had faced these emotions, in these renderings, so often before—on TV, in the press, on film and in other plays. The hard, admittedly cold truth is that people who get in trouble and suffer, like people who fall in love, tend to think that because it affected them so drastically, it will automatically interest others. Once the facts are familiar—and Piñero's facts are by now very familiar—only the telling can be interesting. And Piñero hasn't much skill in telling.

There *is* a strong irony in his play, but I'm not convinced that he's aware of it. These prisoners very badly need some sort of superiority. The "short eyes" gives it to them, in a surge that floods across their racial and personal differences. But the inhumanity they then practice toward their "inferior" is simply an extension of the very inhumanity, the social cruelty, that put them here in the first place. So, fundamentally, they are their own persecutors.

Because this underlying truth is left muzzy, because Piñero relies so naively on facts that have by now lost their shock value, the viewer soon conquers his impatience with himself at not being overwhelmed by the play.

Henry Fonda has found himself what he calls "an annuity"—a one-man show about Clarence Darrow that he is now playing in New York and will then tour to Boston, Detroit, Denver and Los Angeles. Readers, I'm sure, will share my relief that he has been saved from the poorhouse and can now give up those debasing camera commercials on TV that were providing him with bread and water.

I'd like to whack Fonda even more—because he is so good in this show that the TV commercials seem all the more degrading. I'm not a great fan of one-person shows—we're expected to applaud the performer's triumph over difficulties that were self-imposed to make us applaud—but this is the most enjoyable one I've seen since Roy Dotrice in *Brief Lives*.

Clarence Darrow has been put together by David W. Rintels, a TV and screenwriter, from Irving Stone's *Clarence Darrow for the Defense*. I haven't read Stone, but I do know Darrow's auto-

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Badlands. A quietly mad young killer and his even younger girl. Conceptually weak, cinematically impressive.

The Exorcist. Scary as hell—which is the point.

In the Name of the Father. Italian adolescents in a Jesuit school. Uneven but slashingly brilliant.

The Last Detail. Jack Nicholson an old salt full of old salt in a bitter tale of the peacetime navy.

SK

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English Whodunnits: Where Are They Now?

Lumping together whodunnits, suspense thrillers and spy stories may seem perverse given the number of books devoted to pedantic disentangling of the genres. But I've never been able to see that the differences are more than skin deep. Inspector French or Richard Hannay, Father Brown or the Saint, they're all *romantic* heroes who act out variations on the same reassuring fantasy: that irrational violence can be managed, contained, defeated. The gun-toting adventurer proves the same point as the high-flown high-table detective—the world is ultimately a safe and stable place. All through this century, English mystery fiction has been comforting, conservative, comic. Which is odd when we recall that the great prototypes—*Caleb Williams* or *The Woman in White*—used criminal suspense to subvert social convention.

Up through World War I there was no hard and fast line between English blood-and-thunder thrillers and pure puzzlers. People who read Doyle or Chesterton probably read John Buchan as well, and even Sax Rohmer. It was only in the troubled '30s that the whodunnit aspired to separate and superior status. Novelists like Margery Allingham, Dorothy Sayers, Ngaio Marsh, Nicholas Blake and Michael Innes developed it into a sophisticated duel with the reader who's given a sporting chance to outguess the detective. As members of the Detection Club they promised "seemly moderation" in using standard thriller gimmicks—"Gangs, Conspiracies, Death Rays, Ghosts, Hypnotism, Trap Doors, Chinamen, Super Criminals and Lunatics" and foreswore "utterly and forever . . . Mysterious Poisons unknown to Science."

Mere thrillers were dismissed as plebeian; addiction to detective stories became (and to some extent remains) a middle-class status symbol. Poets took whodunnits to bed with them and advertised the fact, and so did professors and politicians; people who, as Auden once admitted, would be ashamed to be caught reading ordinary daydream literature. Rationalizing the thriller's significance became a sport in its own right. For W. H. Auden detective stories were religious allegories about guilt and innocence appealing to people like himself who suffer from a sense of sin. Cecil Day Lewis, alias Nicholas Blake, saw them as 20th-century folk tales dramatizing the Purgation of the Tribe by sacrificial killings. Roy Fuller, Oxford professor of poetry and author of three good mysteries, says they reenact the original Oedipal drama.

Yet under attack—when Edmund Wilson asked "who cares who killed Roger Ackroyd?" or Chandler described the English as the best *dull* writers in the world—addicts rose up as if civilization itself were at stake. Perhaps it was; a certain concept of civilization, at least. With World War II the detective story took on the full weight of the Allied effort. Banned in Fascist Germany, it was hailed as product and proof of the democratic spirit. To this day influential critics like Jacques Barzun insist that the "pure" detective story enshrines peculiarly civilized values—Fair Play, "law and order, and . . . the integrity and good manners of ladies and gentlemen." Rex Stout put it more bluntly: "people who don't like detective stories are anarchists." For 20 years John Creasey has been critically regarded as a master and guru of the genre.

The players are all gentlemen. Though lots of women write mystery stories, there are very few crime-fighting heroines. Baroness Orczy had fun with Lady Molly of Scotland Yard, and Agatha Christie with her gossipy Miss Marple; but neither really caught the public imagination. Dorothy Sayers' character Harriet Vane is independent, even feminist; she writes for a living—detective stories, what else? But though she does a bit of sleuthing she defers to the superior breeding and brains of Lord Peter Wimsey. Nowadays Modesty Blaise karate-chops her way in and out of capers but she'd never survive without Willie Garvin. Women still tend to be cast as victims or villainesses. And reading up-to-date "serious" crime novelists like Julian Symons or John Bingham, I'm always struck at how obsessed they are with men who've murdered their wives or think of murdering their wives or are unjustly suspected of murdering their wives. The wives usually deserve murdering.

The detective story reflects a dream that lies deep in the class-conscious English psyche. Though it claims to deal with the violent facts of murder, its mood is typically idyllic. It conjures up, through a haze of nostalgia, an England of small villages and great houses, of law courts and common rooms; an England settled, serene, feudal. Rustics and servants are music-hall stereotypes, the working class virtually invisible. Jews, foreigners and radicals are caricatures—not even acceptable enough to play the villain. The heroes betray the upward-identifying fantasies of authors and readers. Wimsey is a duke's son and an Oxford first (Balliol). Albert Campion has a mother too awesomely aristocratic to be named. Even the policemen are posh—Inspector Alleyn's mother was a Lady and Appleby is nowadays Sir John—and they're as likely to quote Elizabethan lyrics as judges' rules. And I sometimes think that, from Holmes to Hercules Poirot to Gervase Fen, detective ability is not logic but a shrewd eye for class distinctions.

> *Wimsey took the blue sheet of paper and cocked a knowing eye at it. "Very dainty. As supplied by Mr. Selfridge's fancy counter to the nobility and gentry . . . Olga Kohn—who sounds like a Russian Jewess—is not precisely out of the top drawer, as my mother would say, and was obviously not educated at Oxford or Cambridge. . . ."*

The classic whodunnit was a fairy tale for the educated man, glamorizing the class structure and his place in it. Even left-wing sympathizers—Christopher Caudwell, who wrote mysteries under his own name, C. St. John Sprigg, and died with the Spanish Republicans, Day Lewis, the economists G.D.H. and Margaret Cole—wrote stories committed to property and permanence. They too exclude the real '30s, a decade, after all, when class bitterness, Depression and constant war threats made the middle class fearful of any change. And I suspect a deep and unacknowledged class uneasiness is at the heart of the extraordinary popularity of the detective story. Beneath all those jokey, ingenious plots is a shadow action, a kind of psychodrama demonstrating the magical power of intellect against chaos, asserting over and over again that all's right with the world.

It's hardly surprising that the English whodunnit went into postwar decline. Sealed off in a rarefied and determinedly literary vacuum, it came to seem repeti-

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tive, out of touch. By the '50s it was gaining few new readers, fewer new writers. The leveling influences of the '40s—the war itself, the 1944 Education Act, the Beveridge Report, the growth of a middle class proud of its technical skills and less inclined to idealize the aristocracy—shook the mystery free of its more blatant snobberies.

Dorothy Sayers predicted that the mystery would move away from the thriller, closer to the novel of manners. In fact the reverse is true. *Thrillers* are respectable again—partly under the influence of the American imports that filled the postwar void. (This horrified traditionalists of all hues; a left-wing moralist like George Orwell was so outraged by American decadence that he ended up in the curious position of defending the class hypocrisy of the old-fashioned English mystery.) By the '40s, the only fresh crime writing came from Americans such as Hammett or Chandler who'd learned their realism from the pulp magazines. Yankee private eyes walking their mean streets found a ready response in a more egalitarian public, and probably helped English writers get a more contemporary feel to their work. But our best crime fiction is still catching up with what the Americans were doing 30 years ago. I don't think there's anyone in England today as sharp and entertaining as, say, Margaret Millar, Ross MacDonald, Himes or Highsmith. The good thing about the crime scene in England today is simply that it's less hierarchical, more open and various.

But the English have been reluctant to wave goodbye to the intellectual prestige of the puzzle story. There are strenuous efforts to transfer its cachet elsewhere. In the '60s John LeCarré was hailed as a fabulist for the times and not just a good spy novelist mining that old vein of romantic pessimism opened up in the '30s by Eric Ambler or Graham Greene. Similarly Julian Symons makes out a case for the "radical" crime novel —his own and those of John Bingham and Nicholas Freeling. As contemporary studies of the "violence behind respectable faces," they allegedly mark a drastic break with the cozy English tradition. In fact I find them predictable and Sunday supplement snobbish. What looks at first glance like social satire is actually middle-class anxiety not to be caught out in the "wrong" clothes, living in the "wrong" suburb, married to the "wrong" kind of woman. Symons' books are riddled with a more subtle consumer-society version of good old-fashioned class prejudice. I much prefer less pretentious, openly escapist writers —Len Deighton or Gavin Lyall.

The history of the English mystery is one of adaptation, not development. Always alert to changing fashions, its basic myth remains surprisingly consistent. Heroes have changed with the times—the Oxbridge aristocrat has been traded in for the urban technocrat. We're now asked to identify with the ordinary guy who is heroic only in his know-how, his job sense, his "existential" uncertainty about everything beyond his immediate assignment. And his expertise can be riveting. I hardly know one end of a horse from the other, but when I put down a Dick Francis thriller I'm ready to head for the nearest betting shop, and I've accumulated a surprising amount of lethal data about guns and planes from Lyall. Forsyth's *The Day of the Jackal* reads like a do-it-yourself manual for would-be assassins—though the police might pick up a few tricks as well. Despite all the contemporary detail, his world is no more real than Wimsey's; and the disillusion that is his current stock in trade is surely the ultimate conservatism.

James Bond is probably England's most revealing postwar hero. For all his cynicism, amoral efficiency and sexual sadism, he's a reassuringly traditional figure—a throwback to the '30s and earlier, to Raffles and Bulldog Drummond as well as to Wimsey and the Saint. This may explain why he's become a kind of folk hero, perhaps the first since Holmes to hook intellectuals as well as the masses. Fleming, like most successful English writers, gives us the old comforts in the up-to-the-minute packaging.

Though it would have seemed impossible 10 years ago, today I even see signs of a return to the open snobberies of the whodunnit. When times are hard and class tensions surface again the English doze off to dreams of the good old days. Holmes and other Edwardian detectives have been hits on the tube, now Wimsey plus monocle and manservant, with Father Brown due in the autumn. Holmes and Watson are taking another very successful bow with the Royal Shakespeare. Thirties mysteries are selling better than ever in paperback; Michael Innes has never stopped writing, Agatha Christie drops a crime each Christmas. Kingsley Amis, always up with the latest trend, has temporarily abandoned James Bond and SF to produce a straight, self-conscious whodun-

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nit set in the '30s. The mood in England is nostalgic. With lowered street lighting casting a '90s gloom over redeveloped Baker Street, the old-style detective story may be just what we need to get us through the rest of this discontented, crisis-ridden year.

Margaret Walters

Lucid Study

The Imperial Republic by Raymond Aron

(Prentice Hall; $10)

For the past 30 years Raymond Aron's writings have alternated between sweeping empirical theories (such as *Peace and War*, one of the very few great books on international politics) and philosophical essays (his recent, as yet untranslated book on Sartre) on the one hand, and topical volumes, usually written in a more discursive way, and devoted to some of the political and social issues of the moment—for instance the May 1968 events in France.

Ten years ago his *The Great Debate* examined the arguments for and against the strategy of flexible response advocated by the Kennedy administration and those for and against the small nuclear forces of Britain and France. Last year, more ambitiously, Aron published a book on America's foreign policy since World War II. It has now been adequately translated into English by Frank Jellinek; Aron's elegantly elliptical style resists direct translation, and his nuances have often tended to get either lost or distorted. Its originality lies less in its conclusions than in its scope. Half the book deals with political-strategic affairs, the other half with international economic relations. Few writers in America have the competence to deal with both realms equally well. Aron, whose articles in *Le Figaro* cover economic affairs at least as much as politics, tries to take full measure of America's "imperial" role in the postwar world. He has followed all the American controversies: between the orthodox and revisionist schools on the origins of the Cold War, between supporters and opponents of the Vietnam war, between Marxist and liberal interpretations of US foreign policy, between "globalists" and neo-isolationists, etc. He carefully examines their arguments and gives his own verdict with his characteristic mixture of passionate involvement and ironic detachment.

His judgment is sometimes trenchant, sometimes highly complex; sometimes his educated, incisive common sense cuts through hundreds of pages of elaborate discussion. He dismisses the revisionist critique of America's Cold War policy without denying the latter's excessive rigidity under Dulles, or the mistake of mechanically applying containment, tailored for Europe, to Asia. His only overall criticism of America's diplomacy concerns the discrepancy between its actual moderation (the US, contrary to revisionist arguments, did not try to deprive Moscow of a sphere of influence in Eastern Europe) and its crusading tone.

Aron's art of stripping the complexities from an issue, and leaving the reader with both a sense of awe for the skill of the demonstration, and a sense of bafflement about the actual thrust of the conclusion, is fully displayed in the chapters on international economic affairs. He carefully refutes the Marxist interpretation of American imperialism, developed here by Henry Magdoff, in France by Claude Julien. To analyze American foreign policy as the quest for an "open door" for US goods and for an open access to raw materials strikes him as a distortion. He points out that in a total competition between two great powers, one cannot separate ideological, military and economic motivations, or pronounce the latter as the decisive ones. To equate free trade and imperialism (a charge aimed at Britain a century ago) strikes him as excessive, as does the argument that sees in multinational corporations an instrument of US predominance.

Then again he distinguishes between "imperial" diplomacy—which does not aim at or result in domination and merely reflects the scope of a great power's might and purpose, and "imperialist" diplomacy, which tends to turn protection into hegemony and intervention. He finds that American-European relations belong in the first category (although an indefinite accumulation of US investments in Europe could endanger European independence), US-Central American relations in the second, and US-South American relations somewhere in between. And he is critical of recent US policies aiming both at a trade surplus and at unlimited investments abroad.

Aron praises the transformation of US foreign policy achieved by Nixon and Kissinger. He approves its two objectives—an "honorable" way out of Vietnam, a dialogue with Moscow and Peking. His critique of the Vietnam war, prior to 1969, is sharp: the policy pursued by the US combined overpowering means, inaccessible ends and half-measures, and represented the triumph of symbol over reality; and he is aware of all the unresolved issues in US–European relations under Kissinger. Also his refutation of Robert W. Tucker's provocative plea for a return to isolationism (or rather, for a restricted scope of US interests, to be defined almost exclusively as the protection of US physical security) is entirely convincing: no great power has ever defined its interest so narrowly, and the contemporary importance of transnational society and of energy supplies would make such a restriction even more impossible.

But Aron's defense of the post-1969 course of US policy leaves me a little uneasy. How solid (and how honorable) was the 1973 agreement in Vietnam? How much of a skillful retreat from excessively risky positions does the Kissinger diplomacy represent, to what extent isn't it, rather, a clever, streamlined continuation of a policy of primacy that aims both at tracing the limits within which adversary and ally are al-

Notes on Contributors

Margaret Walters, *writer and critic, teaches at the University of Reading, England.* Stanley Hoffmann *is professor of government at Harvard University. His newest book,* Decline or Renewal: France Since the 1930's *will be published shortly by Viking.* Sidney Callahan *is a parent, psychotherapist and author of* Parenting: Principles and Politics of Parenthood *(Doubleday).* Todd Gitlin *teaches at New College, California State University, San José.* Busy Being Born *(Straight Arrow Books) is his most recent book of poetry.* Calvin Bedient's Eight Contemporary Poets *will be published in the fall (Oxford).* William S. Peterson *teaches English at the University of Maryland and has written numerous articles on Robert Browning.* Rosemary R. Ruether *is professor of theology at Howard University.* Robert F. Moss *teaches English at Rutgers University, Camden, and has contributed to* The Nation *and other publications.*

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lowed to move, and at setting the rules of the monetary and commercial game? Aron—whose book was practically finished at the end of 1972—may not have had sufficient perspective on these issues, and his preface to the American edition deals primarily with the uncertainties of Watergate. But the impression the book leaves is thereby blurred.

Another weakness results from Aron's deliberately selected approach. He examines US policy from the viewpoint of the international system, the US in world affairs. But there is another way of discussing American foreign policy: as the product, not only of a certain power position in the international competition, but also of a web of domestic ideas, experiences and practices, as the outcome of a unique political culture and bureaucratic style. Otherwise the crusading rhetoric deplored by Aron cannot be fully understood. Bipolar rivalries have common features, as any reader of Thucydides knows. But each such rivalry also has the specific traits of the two powers locked in a given contest. American policy since 1945 can best be explained by bringing together the kind of analysis exemplified by Aron with that of a Tocqueville. Such a definitive synthesis remains to be written. Meanwhile we have a lucid and wide-ranging study, which will leave the defenders of every orthodoxy unhappy, the readers starved for simple answers hungry, and those eager for intellectual stimulation satiated.

Stanley Hoffmann

Culture Hero

Raising Children In a Difficult Time by Dr. Benjamin Spock

(Norton; $7.95)

When you begin to think Western civilization is crumbling and coming to a precipitous end next week, it's time to turn to Dr. Spock. Has any one man ever before held such medico-moral authority over so many? Probably not, unless you count Rasputin's tyranny over Russia, by virtue of his manipulation of the czarina's child-rearing anxieties. In happy contrast our good Spock is an authentic culture hero, attempting to liberate parents and children from all tyrannies.

First he fought childhood disease and ill health in his justly famous book on baby and child care; now in his new book he takes on the sea of moral troubles that parents face today. Dr. Spock wants people to be happy, free and wise—and not through any slavish devotion to Spock as *the* great authority. The familiar anti-pompous prose style is reassuring. Long subordinate clauses containing disclaimers, "on the other hand," and warnings against extreme interpretations conjure up a warm Jimmy Stewart moralist. This is a good man speaking, a competent Dr. Christian who still knows what goodness looks like (the result of a life devoted to children?). The quality of goodness not feigned is so attractive that it alone could sell the book. Dr. Spock's unique success stems from what he *is*, rather than from his opinions.

Not that he doesn't give the best of advice at all times. He does. The chapters in his new book on drugs, divorce and the changing family are very fine, as are the chapters on control of children and when to get psychotherapy. As usual Dr. Spock blends the latest professional findings with his own experience and shrewd common sense. He himself is the model of the sensible, kind, tactful but firm parental personality he wishes to inspire. Throughout the book parents are told to exert leadership, to stand up for their rights and values. Dr. Spock's enlightened optimism never admits that many parents don't know what their values are. He can speak of his sadness for people who have, so to speak, "lost their souls" and self-confidence, but you don't have a sense that he understands these disillusioned types. (Ah well, heroes who lead the troops can't be too sensitive to the fear and trembling side of things.)

Although Dr. Spock says he is not a formal religious believer, the confidence of ascendant Western man, New England Yankee version, lights up the pages. He is so calm that he can give delightful ancedotes of his own life and foibles. I particularly liked the glimpses of his strict childhood and the heartfelt chapters on grandparenthood. Personal experience has obviously changed his view of grandparents, who hardly appeared in earlier books. The Spock universe is gradually getting less private and individualistic and more socially oriented. There are even kind words for communes.

And what about male chauvinism? This time around Dr. Spock has listened to his feminist critics and at least turned all his hypothetical children into females ("let's say it is a girl"). Female pronouns abound now. There is a firm plea for equality in the family with both mothers and fathers doing housework, child care and careers. However Dr. Spock is still mainly on the side of babies and stresses the needs of small children for continuous, consistent, emotionally involved parental care. He still thinks like a psychoanalyst, however, and views the first three years as crucial in personality formation. Those who agree will second Spock's suggestions for salarying parents and provid-

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ing part-time work so mothers and fathers can alternate child care and careers.

My only real quarrel with Dr. Spock has to do with his unrepentant Freudianism. He clings to his penis-envy theory, and "the unconscious sense of bodily inferiority" that girls inevitably acquire "from a misunderstanding of the physical sexual differences." It is still girls who are made "differently," not boys. Sex differences, for Dr. Spock, are very important in personal identity and unisex and androgyny are too risky to consider. But now instead of worrying about masculine and feminine roles, toys and clothes, Dr. Spock is counting on glandular differences and identification with the same-sex parent to give secure sexual identity. He even recommends career goals for little girls while regretting the inevitable rise of feminine coronaries and ulcers. Generally there is a strong plea for more family time, or what I call the "Is there life after work?" concern.

A final quibble with the master centers on the question of parental instinct and self-confidence. I can't believe, no matter how many times Dr. Spock authoritatively tells me so, that parents always know best and can rely on simple instinct. Doubt, since the time of Descartes at least, has had a therapeutic role in improving things. Discoveries about infants and children in this age of the child have made it necessary for parents to change comfortable, time-honored methods—like whipping or sending their children to the mines. Maybe this is just an eternal argument over human nature in the guise of a parenting problem. But in any case I'll score a few points by saying that I hope no self-confident parent ignores Dr. Spock's book. He doesn't outsell the Bible by accident.

Sidney Callahan

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Todd Gitlin on music

Planet Waves

When Bob Dylan straggled with the rest of us into the '70s, his records tried to summon a mood of mellowness, condensed most succinctly into the line "Have a lot of kids that call you Pa,/ That must be what it's all about." Living on the edge throughout the '60s, he seemed to have made—as who has not been tempted to?—his separate peace, popping the placeboes of the mass culture. It was hard to believe that Dylan had done "The Times They Are A-Changin'," "Desolation Row," "Ballad of a Thin Man," "It's All Right Ma," "Subterranean Homesick Blues," "Maggie's Farm," "The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest," etc., *etc.*, only to settle at last for the pieties of "moon" and "June"; yet it was hard to blame him, for the rest of what has passed for entertainment recently has been so thin that even watery Dylan had his resonance. *Nashville Skyline*, *New Morning* and *Self-Portrait* did have some moments of invention and purity, but what passed for mellowness did so only by pathetic comparison, and was mostly bland and monotonic.

Now Dylan has come alive again. In *Planet Waves* (Asylum Records) he incorporates the density of his nightmare vision of America with a new sweet richness, a *credible* romanticism, a hope. The reality of this time is not contained in his lyrics, which are more subtle than the "moon/June" period of *New Morning*—though still a little too close for comfort—but in the revived brilliance of his music. Recording for the first time—except for "underground" pirated versions—with The Band, he finds a pulse on almost every cut. The strong raw beats of pre-*Nashville Skyline* are back, sweetened this time by The Band, and if the lyrics are still not consistently up to his earlier visionary lyrics, this is only to say that Dylan, thank God, is not complete. His longings, his hopes, mostly about love, are evident; a separate peace also contains its own warfare, and clarity is purchased not by running away from reality but by finding within it the strength to go on, to go *through*, with energy and style, and not to quit by abdicating one's humanity. He is not, like so many ashram seekers these days, "blissed out"; he is, we might say, "blissed *in*"—alive not at the price of mind and emotions, but within them. "It's never been my duty to remake the world at large/ Nor is it my intention to sound the battle charge," he sings. Does he protest a tiny bit too much? His energy speaks for itself, and where there is intelligent energy these days there is a battle charge of sorts, like it or not.

His love-visions, especially in the two versions of "Forever Young," in "You Angel You," "Something There Is About You," and "Wedding Song," have the stuff of lived life in them. Where so much of contemporary mass culture, especially Hollywood, tries to short-circuit the traumas of love with utter cynicism, Dylan embraces the *effort* of love. So his declarations of love have weight precisely because we know they have not come easily. The sweet wistfulness of "Forever Young"—a '70s version of Kipling's "If," and more to the contemporary point—is all the more poignant when set against the luminous mournfulness of "Dirge" ("I Hate Myself for Loving You"). With several dimensions rippling through *Planet Waves*, each becomes more than what it, by itself, would amount to. Even "Dirge" is multidimensional, moving from "You were just a painted face on a trip down suicide row" through "In this age of fiberglass I'm searching for a gem" to "I paid the price of solitude but at least I'm out of debt," and then "No use to apologize, what difference would it make?" Even the most tender "Wedding Song" admits: "What's lost is lost, we can't regain what went down in the flood." Like Paul Simon, whose *Here Comes Rhymin' Simon* is one of the loveliest albums of the '70s, Dylan has survived with his clarity and imagination intact.

In the '60s Dylan helped make anxiety, desperation, vision, the will to transcend and combativeness credible in the culture. Now he helps make faith credible: not blind faith, but faith that sees. As Auden said of Yeats, in the prison of his days he teaches the free man how to praise.

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From Here to Dak Pek

Viet Journal by James Jones

(Delacorte; $7.95)

The pathos of an army in retreat has been rich material for many novelists, but for American writers Vietnam has yielded little worth working on. If that war results in any great literature, it will almost certainly be written by a Vietnamese who experienced the suffering and understood its purpose. James Jones is an engaging writer whose best works have been his war novels, *From Here to Eternity* and *The Thin Red Line*. *Viet Journal*, his first nonfiction volume, records the last days of our mechanical withdrawal from Vietnam. Although there are some fine touches, this is essentially a hasty collection of vignettes, fleeting glimpses of a nation of wounded people, recorded as the author was helicoptered about by the US Army during a one-month visit to a land whose language and history he did not know.

Jones went to Vietnam at the behest of the editors of *The New York Times Magazine*, who wanted "'the sights, the sounds, the smells of Vietnam—after the end'" from "a 'novelist's viewpoint.'" Although the *Times* would cover his expenses, the assignment would not pay "much money." An editor suggested, however, that he "could always get a book out of the trip." This entrepreneurial appeal may have tipped the balance in his decision to go.

The early part of the journal deals with the hassles Jones endured making his travel arrangements, especially getting a visa for South Vietnam, a difficulty solved by his personal friend, Gen. Fred Weyand. Thus, the book's dedication: "To Fred and Arline Weyand for obvious reasons."

Jones is still sound of eye and ear, but success or middle age seems to have robbed him of energy. We usually get only the most bare description of the stops on his impromptu itinerary; occasionally someone or something forces him to concentrate his descriptive power. One is an American nurse in a hospital for Montagnards in Kontum; another is a tough, up-through-the-ranks brigadier general; a third is a Vietnamese girl who learned English from a black American sergeant and speaks it like a Detroit "fox." He is at his best when he focuses on individuals, but fails when he tries to assess the Vietnamese situation because he admittedly had not tried to understand it: "All I knew about Vietnam was what I had more or less been forced to read in the daily papers."

Because the chapters are arranged as haphazardly as his itinerary, he tries to create suspense over the possibility of his going to Dak Pek, a hilltop garrison in the highlands surrounded by North Vietnamese troops. "It was," he writes, "fifty miles inside the Communist lines as they were presently drawn just north of Kontum." Will he go or won't he? Will he survive the perilous journey with his ass and machismo intact? The device is a familiar one to readers of Norman Mailer's "journalistic novels," but it is so patently an artifice in this instance that it simply does not work. When he finally does go, we get a minute-by-minute record of a rather undramatic helicopter flight. They land, get the standard military briefing and take off less than an hour later. The only thing of consequence he learned was that the Vietnamese major in command of Dak Pek had read the French translation of *From Here to Eternity*.

While we learn much about Jones and a few of the people he meets, he never penetrates deeply into Vietnam or the Vietnamese. I think he realized this as he came to the end of his journal. In the final chapter he records his encounter with "The Beggar Woman" who becomes a living metaphor for Vietnam: "I took the rest of the money I had with me, four thousand piasters [about $22], and walked back to her and put that in her hand with the other note. She did not even look at it, and raised her face again, and her face did not change. However much money it was, it would not be enough. She knew it, and I knew it. It might keep her going for a week, maybe even longer, that was all. Somewhere under her defenselessness some part of her seemed to be trying to tell me she appreciated my concern."

Jones is at work on a new novel about World War II, the third in his planned trilogy. That subject suits him as *Viet Journal* did not. Neither Jones nor any other American is capable of expressing what "The Beggar Woman" in that Saigon street feels. One day, perhaps, one of her countrymen will.

Peter J. Ognibene

On Cat Feet

Death, Sleep & The Traveler by John Hawkes

(New Directions; $6.95)

John Hawkes' sixth novel, *Death, Sleep & The Traveler*, cat-footed, makes the first five seem heavy. It walks on psychic eggs, sucks them, leaps off. Not a whit too much or little, nothing too violent or tame, almost nothing too obscure or obvious . . . sophistication could not go further. Clear and impeccable, free of the infra-realism and dream-sogged surrealism of the first books, composed in time-shifting short sequences, each with the throaty resonance of a vibraphone key, each with its soft psychic percussion, in a style at once deliberate and delicate, it is an esthetic performance of the first order. "I'm trying to hold in balance poetic and novelistic methods," Hawkes once said, and in the combined compactness and elaboration of the new book the scales hold.

The plot is minimal. A little love, a lot of guilt. Failure. The body betraying its prehuman origins; the sharking jealousies of dreams. The narrator, Allert Vanderveenan, a corpulent middle-aged Hollander, meets on an ocean cruise a young woman named Ariane (Ariadne), who guides him "to the end of the journey"—shows him her "beautifully barren" island where goats live on a "heart-shaped knoll" apparently without food: shows him sexuality thriving mysteriously and forlornly on spare actuality. He shares her, jealously, with the wireless operator of the ship, triumphing only in the "brilliant unreality" of a sun-whitened nudists' island, where he and Ariane, "like two unshelled creatures," make love in the placid sea, while the wireless operator, like a defeated penis, droops and dehydrates in the heat.

Possessing as she does "below her navel a small scar in the nasty shape of a fishhook," Ariane drowns herself, the islanded psyche proving too barren after all, the sea her place. Allert is accused of murdering her (and had he not noted that she "appeared capable of bearing any amount of pain or fear" he might inflict?). An "infant octopus" is "hung like the carcass of a young girl" outside his door. He is tried, acquitted, his wife

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Ursula at his side.

Six years later, in another triangle, it is the rival who dies. Ursula's lover Peter, a psychiatrist (a wireless operator in his own right), his jaw "like the point of a hook," falls like a phallus (a "tall white fishlike man I no longer recognized") from a heart attack in a sauna ("I could hear his nose breaking on the slats . . . He looked like a creature that had been skinned"). With his hand Allert trowels up the "terrible offending" fecal discharge ("I could not allow my friend's body to remain unclean"), throws wide the door, and stumbles to "the edge of the cold and brackish sea" ("I thought that my hand would be forever stained with the death of my friend").

After three more years, reproaching Allert one last time with emotional barrenness, Ursula leaves. (But why are her clothes and luggage different at the beginning and end, when the scene is the same?) Wishing he had "known" his wife and friend, that they had all "found each other tolerable," yet anticipating "no hours of stunned grief," Allert stays on alone—the "filthy sack" of his, Ursula's and Peter's past and, at the same time, still filled with the rough sea "like a sewn-up skin with salt." He gulps pure cold water, protests his innocence. Outside: Peter's frozen car "humped high with snow" and, stretching westward, a waste of white.

This psychologically teasing story, eked out with exquisite set pieces of Allert's dreams, is a "plot" only in the submarine depths of fantasy. The story is refracted from dozens of disjunct anecdotes as if from the shattered glass face of a clock, and superbly instances what Kenneth Burke calls formal eloquence: the appropriation of surprise and suspense by the sentence, the image, the contrast, the variation, the nuance.

The poise and tension of the narrative spring from the opposition of its matter and method. Disturbed by the "diving and rising monsters of the deep," by *eventualities*, its tactic is to take narrative stills. On the other hand, terrified by immobility—the throbless engine or organ—it scatters itself through nine years and on sea and land as if leaping to omnipresence. And though Allert cannot survive without his "periodic buckets" of "Psyche's slime," his narrative is antiseptic, measured out in clear vials. Reason and its demons are equally served, equally eluded. The novel opens its mouth for the hooks of the deep but is saved by the glass of its own art.

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guage as this novel boasts, the price runs high. The narrative *encases* life in its own perfection. Its ruthless detachment makes life itself academic. Though psychological unpleasantness greases the scenes—enticing, repelling the reader onward—the syntax commandeers the greater response. The medium subdues the message. Memorable, brilliantly "overexposed" as the best scenes are, they remain with you, not in you. The book imposes its curious pedantic beauty, then recedes like a hollow.

Hawkes is not merely cold to life, he punishes it. While his narrators and Hawkes himself in interviews could not be more indulgent of Psyche, his imagination runs toward her like fire and his books end in a smolder of peace. In *The Blood Oranges* (his preceding novel) Hawkes fought it out with his demons and lost. "Our sexual selves are merely idylers in a vast wood," his hero Cyril proclaimed: "Baby, we can do whatever we want to do," Cyril's swinging wife agreed. But the self-congratulatory benevolence that had increasingly sugared the overwhelming sadism of Hawkes' fiction proved so willed that Cyril went on singing his "sex songs" even after his mistress' husband hanged himself, his mistress suffered a breakdown, and his wife decamped. And even Cyril, reminiscing about a funeral, remarks to the dead man's wife: "I guess I like endings. I like flat bells, don't you?" "Innocence" has always had in Hawkes a thickheaded quality, as if determined to survive the author's own clubs.

Since his third novel, *The Lime Twig*, Hawkes' fiction has dwelled upon not only sexual guilt but also the guilt of the artist as such—the dreamer whose dreams leave life untouched, the spiritual Narcissus. The new book sours on marriage and sexuality (Ariane excites Allert most when masking her loins with a goat's skull), as well as on myth, dreams, pornography—*representations* of sexual life. In Allert's preoccupation with sexual tableaux, in Peter's and Ursula's view of him as a fetus dreaming rather than living his life, in Ursula's charge that, with his destructive unconscious, he would wrap her (she who is "perpetually moist") in a rubber sheet, as in his mortification when, watching the self-fellatio of two male bats, he is charged with the practice himself, Allert blends with the novelist. Both together hoist the words that unconvincingly close the book: "I am not guilty." To be sexual *and* an artist is to be doubly criminal. For Hawkes there is only the "beautifully barren" island of Pan's mournful goats and the mournful music of Pan's flute. Guilt being inescapable, his novels mourn themselves.

Death, Sleep & The Traveler is a beautiful achievement, unique and elegant in form, brilliantly judged, and likely to endure as a small classic. To be sure, Europeanized, Bergmanized as it is, it may not seem *our* classic, except in being an intense romance and (what for us is hardly separable) its Puritan backlash, its ambivalence toward the raw stuff of life.

Calvin Bedient

Old Blight

Engels, Manchester, and the Working Class by Steven Marcus

(Random House; $8.95)

In the first half of the 19th century Manchester was a microcosm of the industrial revolution that was transforming English life. Covered with a layer of dark smoke that spewed from its factory chimneys, Manchester became a symbol of the dehumanizing effect of mechanization and urbanization upon the Victorian proletariat.

Contemporary observers searched in vain for language adequate to describe the radically new consciousness it produced among those who walked its dreary streets. The booming of the cotton mills starting up before dawn reminded Carlyle of the deep rumbling of an ocean tide. Sir Charles Napier described Manchester as the chimney of the world and the entrance to hell. Often, however, the metaphors invoked were designed to conceal rather than disclose the brutal realities of the city: Disraeli, brought face to face with a cruel environment too painful to acknowledge, saw it through a rhetorical haze, as dense as Manchester's own smoke, of Italian palaces (factories) and Egyptian obelisks (smokestacks).

Into this urban inferno in 1842—"probably the most distressed year of the whole nineteenth century," according to one historian—entered Friedrich Engels, the 22-year-old son of a wealthy German textile manufacturer, ostensibly in order to learn the family trade in the great English center of the cotton industry. In reality Engels came to Manchester because he wanted to see at first hand the English working class and to assess the likelihood of a socialist revolution. The fruit of his 20-month visit was *The Condition of the Working Class in England in 1844*, which outlined the ideas he was later to develop more fully in collaboration with Marx.

What Engels discovered, during his extensive walking tours of Manchester, was that the new urban topography, apparently so formless and chaotic, actually had one clear purpose: the concealment of the poor. In the center was the prosperous commercial district; surrounding this, a doughnut-shaped working-class belt; beyond were the comfortable suburbs of the bourgeoisie. And radiating out from the hub were attractive thoroughfares along which the suburbanites could commute without having to witness the squalid streets that lay behind them. The poor were invisible to middle-class eyes.

If all of this seems only too familiar, we must remind ourselves that Engels was the first to discern the pattern of the urban map that now seems self-evident to us. Likewise *The Condition of the Working Class* pioneered the study of what we today call the culture of poverty. Engels recognized that the ethos of *laissez faire* capitalism (what Arthur Hugh Clough termed the rule of "the devil take the hindmost") led in practice to the debasement of the proletariat and the spiritual impoverishment of the bourgeoisie.

Engels' book has long been regarded as a classic of socialist thought, but Steven Marcus, in *Engels, Manchester, and the Working Class*, suggests that it must be understood in the context of Victorian literature as well as economic and political history. He has attempted, indeed, a literary study of *The Condition of the Working Class*, searching for parallel passages in the writings of Carlyle and Dickens and analyzing the subtlest nuances of the text.

"If literary criticism is not to decline further than it already has into aesthetic or political fashionability on the one side and academic stupor on the other," Marcus declares, "it must . . . begin to draw with increasing deliberation upon the other cognitive disciplines." Fair enough. But Marcus' call for an interdisciplinary transfusion to restore health to literary criticism is hardly the novel proposal he thinks it is. Matthew Arnold (to cite only the most conspicu-

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ous example) insisted that the critic must be concerned with all aspects of his culture, not merely *belles-lettres.* That Marcus should have to argue the obvious suggests the degree to which literary criticism has been debilitated by the same specialization and alienation that Engels observed among the Manchester factory hands.

Though it is not quite so innovative as he claims, Marcus' book gives us a sensitive reading of *The Condition of the Working Class* against the appropriate biographical, literary and historical background. One must regard with some skepticism, however, his insistence that he has transcended the barriers of conventional disciplines. He is merely doing what the best critics have always tried to do: drawing together whatever information he can from a variety of sources to illuminate and explicate a text.

And he does it very well, except when he is quarreling in his footnotes—which often rise like a floodtide of small print above the middle of the page—with everyone else who has ever written on Engels. His literary analogies, too, are occasionally far-fetched (one district of Manchester is "Tintern Abbey forty-five years hence"), and some readers might appreciate a better street map of Manchester than the one actually supplied. Still, it is a valuable book if one can overlook the author's sometimes excessive claims.

William S. Peterson

White on Black

Getting Ready
by Lois Mark Stalvey

(Morrow; $7.95)

This is the second time that Lois Stalvey has allowed us to look over her shoulder at her family history. In her earlier book, *The Education of a WASP* (Morrow, 1970), we learn of her discovery of white racism and the transition of her family to the other side of the curtain of American bigotry to discover what this country looks like to nonwhite Americans. In this second book, *Getting Ready*, subtitled "The Education of a White Family in Inner City Schools," written in simple, straightforward prose, we watch her three children, "Spike," Noah and Sarah, grow up from nursery school through high school in the increasingly black city schools of Philadelphia.

What the Stalveys discover is that, no matter how much the middle-class white family tries to share the experiences of blacks, it remains protected, not only by its unconscious racial myopias, but by the automatic caste privileges that white middle-class children continue to enjoy, even in a largely black inner-city school.

Spike, the oldest of the Stalvey children, was hyperactive and a slow learner. His parents, teachers and principal, united in a chorus of concern for him, determined to draw out his potential. Finally a drug eased his hypertension and his scholastic abilities developed until, in high school, the coveted high marks appeared on the report card. No such tender loving care awaits Ernie, the son of the Stalvey's domestic. His slowness was from the first classified as hereditary stupidity, his hyperactivity as "badness," even though the capacities and problems of the two boys appear to Lois Stalvey as the same. At 14 he was in prison, arrested for breaking and entering a gas station. The truth: unable to read the street signs, he had lost his way. Exhausted, he entered a gas station to get warm and to sleep.

Lois Stalvey slowly learns the way in which the black and the poor are channeled into failure and illiteracy by innumerable signals from their teachers and principal. Much of this "tracking" of the poor, black child is invisible to the outsider and shows up on no official programs. It is the automatic response to what is regarded as "poor background" by a class- and race-conscious society. From the first the child is taught to feel that black and poor means "bad" and "dumb." Even the violence that breaks out occasionally against teachers must be traced to its real source as a final impotent outbreak of revenge against years of violence, insult and bodily injury suffered in unknown ways by such children. In any contest, the poor, black child will always be wrong, the teacher right, especially if white.

As a substitute teacher one hour a day, Lois Stalvey holds the attention of the "worst eighth grade class in the school" with discussions of black history. She is puzzled that, despite their intense interest, none ever takes home the books she brings. Yet her students flower under the simple touch of affection and adult esteem. In June her little success is shattered. Encapsulated in her middle-class world, she had failed to discover the most basic fact about these children: none of them could read! The school, which had regarded them as "bad" and "stupid" from the beginning, had failed in eight years to give them the most elementary tool for survival in a world of the printed word. Their bottled up shame and rage could only express itself in their fists.

As for Lois Stalvey's three children, they make it in the inner-city schools. Not only can they read and write, but they are able to make use of the resources, teachers and their own creativity to match the best educational achievements of their suburban counterparts. They learn because, from the first, they are expected to learn. Their parents, their teachers, the "system"

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constantly reinforce their expected development. As white middle-class children, everyone knows that they are "really" good and bright, even when they appear dumb or get into fights. Not so their dark-skinned friends. In *Getting Ready*, society has judged blacks before they are born and sets about to conform them to its stereotype. Many fight a good fight against their fate. They show themselves intelligent, proud, resourceful and ready to respond to even a sign of affirmation from the world of teachers and authorities. But, by the time they graduate from eighth grade, most of them are already defeated. Society knows what they really are, and so young blacks abandon hope of the high road of achievement, take instead the low road of despair or violence. How do our schools take bright, active ordinary children, who happen to be poor and black, and turn them into "dumb, bad niggers"? Lois Stalvey's book will show you how it is done.

Rosemary R. Ruether

Plague-Bearers

The New Anti-Semitism by Arnold Forster and Benjamin R. Epstein

(McGraw-Hill; $7.95)

"It becomes obvious," wrote Jean-Paul Sartre, "that no external factor can induce anti-Semitism in an anti-Semite. It is an attitude totally and freely self-chosen." Not so, the authors of *The New Anti-Semitism*, Arnold Forster and Benjamin R. Epstein, seem to declare. They regard hostility to Jews as a contagious disease, one that is currently on the rise. For them the plague-bearers are political extremists, both left and right; the Communist bloc, with its immigration quotas and its savagely anti-Zionist policies; many Arab leaders and spokesmen; and all enemies of Israel, be they fanatical Japanese gunmen or US senators. Forster and Epstein, the associate director and national director, respectively, of the Anti-Defamation League, provide a barrage of facts, each carefully documented, that is unrelenting from first page to last. Among those who are riddled thoroughly are Gerald L. K. Smith, the famous free-lance bigot, still active in Arkansas. But Smith has never occupied more than a scorned back eddy of American political life. Forster and Epstein make a more useful contribution in reviewing the problem of black anti-Semitism. Quote by quote they convict the Black Panther Party, Eldridge Cleaver, Imamu Baraka (LeRoi Jones), Harold Cruse, the African-American Teachers Association and the Black Muslims of libeling and scapegoating the Jews.

Forster and Epstein have been no less vigilant in monitoring anti-Semitism in the American media and the arts. Among the many defamatory newspaper articles they introduce, an editorial from the NFO (National Farmers Organization) *Family Farmer* is particularly vicious. Offering a profile of Mike Fribourg, a wealthy Jewish grain dealer of Belgian extraction, the editorial condemns his business machinations and speculates as to whether "that is how come those birds got themselves into so much trouble over in Europe back about World War II." In dealing with the arts Forster and Epstein expend their most withering fire on the controversial *Jesus Christ Superstar*, and it is hard to quarrel with their judgment of it as theologically reactionary and potentially detrimental to Jewish-Christian relations. On the issue of visual stereotypes of Jews, the authors' most telling exhibit is a brutal cartoon strip parody of Bob Dylan from *The National Lampoon* in which the singer's Jewish features are a chief obsession of the caricaturist's pen. Turning to the literary world, Forster and Epstein direct some well deserved outrage at Truman Capote for his ugly attack—nationally publicized—on the "Jewish Mafia," which, he claims, controls the cultural life of America.

On the whole, though, Forster and Epstein do little to jar one's preconception that anti-Semitism in this country is still at a very low ebb. Outside the US they have a much more dramatic tale to tell. In refuting the assertion that the Soviet bloc is only "anti-Zionist, not anti-Semitic," they quote extensively from Polish, Czech and Russian works—published with government sanction, if not blessing—that specifically vilify the Jews as a people, excavating into the Jewish religion itself for the sources of Israeli "perfidies." To cite only one example, the Russian Trofim Kichko's well circulated *Judaism and Zionism* argues for a "direct connection between the morality of Judaism and what the Israeli Zionists are doing in practice." Across the Danube in immemorially anti-Semitic Austria, it is not surprising to learn that, according to a recent poll, 58 percent of the people dislike Jews. Apart from Austria, however, Western Europe seems comparatively free of virulent anti-Jewishness.

Forster and Epstein's most valuable chapter is on the Arabs: they discern the face of traditional anti-Jewishness under the mask of anti-Zionism. The enthusiastic dissemination of the long-discredited forgery *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* throughout the Arab world; the pro-Nazi sentiments of Nasser and Sadat; Sadat's publicy expressed hope that the Jews will be "persecuted, suppressed and miserable;" King Faisal's anti-Semitic foamings (recorded by a pro-Arab British journalist), in all of this Forster and Epstein demonstrate the existence of officially approved intolerance in Arab countries.

The authors see Israel as vital "to the safety and survival of Jews throughout the world," and it is here that criticism of their work must begin. For although they concede that "one can be unsympathetic to Zionism . . . without being anti-Jewish," they themselves continually blur or ignore this distinction. Their objections to, say, the journalist Jeffrey St. John seem persuasive because they are able to point to his use of such anti-Jewish canards as the charges of deicide and "dual loyalty." Some of the authors' targets, on the other hand—notably the columnists Evans and Novak—merely seem unsympathetic to Israel, period. Similarly in their examination of blacks, Arabs, the American clergy and other groups, Forster and Epstein are routinely guilty of mixing instances of anti-Zionism with authentic specimens of prejudice against Jews.

Another ground for complaint about *The New Anti-Semitism:* occasionally, the authors are indifferent to the First Amendment. They show no hesitation in condemning the FCC for refusing to bar the hatemonger J. B. Stoner from Georgia television screens. It is depressing to have to remind men of Forster's and Epstein's intelligence and basic decency that if the bigoted are not allowed to air their views freely, there may come a day when the tolerant will not be guaranteed this right either.

One puts down *The New Anti-Semitism* hoping that, in their efforts to disarm

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their enemies, Forster and Epstein have not unwittingly supplied them with a new round of ammunition. This would be a regrettable destiny for a work of such scrupulous and comprehensive research—one whose information is generally informative, whose passions are, for the most part, justifiably inflamed and whose appeals are well worth listening to.

Robert F. Moss

Fine Print

Re-issues, and other matters

Doris Grumbach

Visitors to my office usually bypass the wall of spanking new books, failing to be attracted by garish covers or startling titles, but often they will stop at a shelf of barely jacketed "classics" put out by College and University Press in New Haven, Connecticut. Available both in paper and hardcovers, this **Masterworks of Literature Series** is an effort to return to print "monuments of American literary history." To a commendable extent it has succeeded. Thirty-six titles have appeared to date. They appear to be well edited and printed; the introductions I have had time to examine have been cogent, unscholarly in the better sense of the word, that is, intelligently introduced in readable prose, enthusiastic and informative about the work they precede.

A sampling: the much neglected difficult work of Melville's, **Mardi,** is here ($11, $4.95 paper) introduced by Tyrus Hillway who founded the Melville Society. The Modern Language Association people, who are in the process of doing "authoritative" texts no doubt will not accept many of the changes in the edition, but the general reader, unaware of all the variants, emendations, and changes in punctuation, even in wording, will never know the difference. There are, as well, collections of short stories, one by Constance Fenimore Woolson, another by Sarah Orne Jewett, and John Hay's little known novel (it was Lincoln's secretary's anonymously published work), **The Breadwinners** ($7, $2.95 paper). The book I have just finished reading for the first time is Ellen Glascow's **The Voice of the People** ($8, $3.50 paper), first published in 1900 and revised for inclusion in her collected works (1929-33). The novel concerns four families living in the Reconstruction South. Glascow thought she was writing what she called "social history" of the period, but the novel more accurately describes "the failure of romantic love and human ideals," as the introductory essay by William Leigh Godshalk points out, "frustration and thwarted love," as much as it is, to the hindsight vision at least, an explanation of the social and political history of Virginia. I was glad to have been made aware of this neglected book and I plan to spend some time with some others in the series, to wit, *Sut Lovingood's Yarns,* Orestes Brownson's almost forgotten *The American Republic,* Bayard Taylor's *The Story of Kennett* and others.

While the subject of restored-to-view titles is still in your mind, consider Southern Illinois University Press' **Lost American Fiction** series, edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli, and its first two volumes: **Dry Martini: A Gentleman Turns to Love** by John Thomas ($7.95) and **The Professors Like Vodka** by Harold Loeb. It appears that the series is emphasizing the fiction of the American '20s. *Dry Martini* is John Thomas' only novel, published in 1926. If I may mix a metaphor, it is not my cup of tea, being somewhat arch, and what we used to call "old hat," and Loeb's book no longer strikes me as well written or very interesting. It dates from 1927 and tells of Parisian life in the late '20s, his experiences after the Pamplona Fiesta of 1925 that Hemingway made the central episode in *The Sun Also Rises,* Loeb, supposedly the Robert Cohen of that masterpiece died last year just after writing an afterword to this novel in which he recounts some autobiographical details both of that period and his subsequent life. To both of these items there is a curio value; no one, I think, not even Prof. Bruccoli, would claim too much enduring literary value for either one, but period-interest they do have, they should be available, and I look forward to others in the series.

I have much trouble reading scientific works, so I call your attention to one I read with admiration and astonishment—astonishment at my ability to become absorbed in a history of heredity (**The Logic of Life,** by François Jacob, Pantheon; $8.95), admiration for the ease of this Nobel Prize winner's lucid prose. This is interesting as history, and as explication of questions that protrude insistently upon our attention: how is human development related to environment? is it possible that we will control our own evolution? are there limitations upon this control, moral concerns which are no longer, as Jacob points out, the concern of biology alone? Michel Foucault has said in *Le Monde* that this is "the most remarkable history of biology that has ever been written." I am in no position to evaluate that judgment; all I can say is that it is the first such study I have ever read from beginning to end with almost complete comprehension.

I was fortunate last week to be invited to attend a Seder service, where I got some small insight into the significance and beauty of the liturgy of the Passover celebration. Much of my instant learning stemmed from a prior, careful examination of **A Passover Haggadah** with magnificent watercolors by Leonard Baskin. This version is new, was prepared by a team of 14 members of the Liturgy Committee of the Central Conference of American Rabbis, and follows the original liturgy of the service put down in 70(Christian Era). Elegantly laid out in a quarto volume that sells for $17.50 (Grossman), it has both the Hebrew and English translation in traditional prayerbook form, so that the book reads from right to left; music for the traditional songs is included. Of value too is the inclusion of nontraditional materials, such as selections from letters of young victims of Auschwitz, a piece from *The Diary of Anne Frank,* readings from Rabbi Abraham Joshua Herschel, Martin Buber, Elie Wiesel, Albert Einstein and others. News (from me) of the appearance of this volume will come too late for use this year, but so handsome is it, modern, useful, instructive, that it is certain to become a permanent addition to any household in which the Passover is celebrated or anyone, for that matter, that wishes to un-

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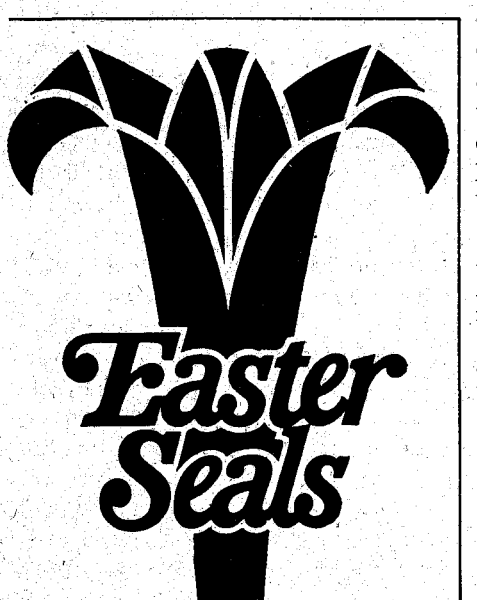
derstand and appreciate the origins of the Last Supper.

If you missed Robert Jay Lifton's first-rate **Home From the War** last year you can make up for what might well be a serious omission by reading his work in the new Touchstone reprint ($3.95 paper). This is a book of what Lifton calls in his prologue "advocacy research." His subject matter is the psychological effects of war on veterans, the result, a successful attempt to communicate to nonparticipants what GIs really experienced in Vietnam, especially those with "an articulate antiwar position," accomplished by a sociopsychologist who uses "the self as an investigative instrument." Lifton's moving account will remind some readers of Murray Polner's *No Victory Parades* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston), a book Lifton himself recognizes as an impetus to his own. Both books communicate poignantly "the pain that will not go away" that survivors almost always experience and carry with them for the rest of their lives, a pain that those of us who have been spared the experience can only understand through books like these.

I had begun to share the commonly held view that the mentally ill are often better cared for outside the walls of our institutions. Bruno Bettelheim's new account, **A Home for the Heart** (Knopf; $12.50), about the Orthogenic School of the University of Chicago, is where he and his staff have successfully treated, autistic children and returned some to useful and productive lives. Having read it I have changed my mind. The complete, thorough description is accompanied by color photographs that persuade almost as much as the text that an environment of warmth, beauty, color and affection is the key to the illness of those difficult and troubled children, what Bettelheim calls "total milieu therapy," a ladder out of the "deep, dark hole without exit" in which they live. I value this book because it is well and convincingly written, because I have known an autistic child and so have a certain empathy for his predicament and perhaps even more for the situation of his parents. But finally, I value it because it says so much about institutions that treat *all* mental illnesses. This is Bettelheim's fourth book on his school, probably, from many points of view, the most complete because it makes explicit his view that this method "can and must be applied to all mental patients requiring residential treatment . . . there was never any proper reason or excuse for the dreadful places where mental patients are kept; nor for the neglect and outright mistreatment that camouflages itself as their therapy."



Correspondence

Kissinger & Trade-Offs

Sirs:

Your editorial endorsement of Dr. Kissinger's mosaic for a more harmonious international order ("Kissinger On Balance," *(TNR,* March 30, 1974) is marred by a somewhat cynical assessment of the motives involved in positions that do not conform to his design. The freedom of emigration legislation, for example, is hardly a device to stoke up the Cold War. Portraying it as such is a disservice to the tens of thousands of human beings whose lives are likely to be improved by its enactment.

There is a sound basis for assuming the Soviets will trade off a marginal expansion of human rights for access to US economic aid, which is not a marginal factor in their political and economic requirements. The purpose of the Jackson amendment is to catalyze this trade-off by requiring a credible Soviet response whose cost to them is minor in return for benefits that are considerable. Thus there are credible grounds for a bargaining relationship. Our failure to bargain at all—to give the Soviets critical economic aid without requiring something in return—such as Secretary Kissinger proposes, would be irresponsible. And a mere sense of the Congress resolution such as you and the Secretary propose is hardly a process of bargaining.

There may be differences of opinion on whether an expansion of human rights is an objective worth bargaining for in the international political arena. But it has been a unique quality of the American political ethos that a concern for human rights transcends national boundaries. Thus it is legitimate for the United States to express this commitment in its international relations, as substantial majorities in the House and Senate have done by sponsoring the Jackson-Mills-Vanik legislation. And in the case at hand, there is something to be gained beyond an expansion of human rights for oppressed populations. A credible US-Soviet détente requires, among other ingredients, expanded opportunities for the movement of people and ideas among the two powers and other countries. The right and opportunity to emigrate, as envisioned by the Jackson amendment, is such a building block.

Elihu Bergman
Harvard Center for Population Studies

Housing the Poor

Sirs:

Back in 1964-65 Malcolm Peabody, Jr. served as chairman, I as director, of the Massachusetts Special Commission on Low-Income Housing. The series of legislative proposals we put forth had primarily to do with increasing the supply of decent low-rent housing for the state's poor. More recently, Peabody has become a leading proponent of the notion of "housing allowances" *(TNR,* March 9, 1974), an approach that seeks instead to use the existing housing stock to solve the needs of the nation's ill-housed. But the basic character of the country's housing supply has not changed over the last decade:

► There is still a shortage of decent low- and moderate-rent housing in most cities, as well as in rural areas (where most of the nation's ill-housed live). Kansas City, where the experiment Peabody describes was held, has an abnormally high vacancy rate. And

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the seemingly high vacancy rates Peabody cites for several other cities vanish when broken down by rent levels, housing conditions and location. Only low- and moderate-rent units in decent condition located where the poor have access are usable under a housing allowance program, and most cities have precious few such vacancies.

► Rents for existing housing are skyrocketing in every city. In San Francisco rents rose 85 percent during the 1960s. This means housing allowances will have to be larger and larger to cover the gap between what the poor can pay and what landlords are charging. Also, in a situation of shortage, housing allowances will produce inflationary pressures on all lower rent housing, creating higher rents for all and windfall profits for landlords.

► The widespread discrimination against certain classes of low-income housing consumers—based on race, welfare status, number of children or parents, age, etc.—means there are severe limitations on the free choice of families who would receive housing allowances. They will be steered to poorer housing in deteriorating neighborhoods and will be charged higher rents than moderate-income families.

In short the notion of a "sovereign consumer" in a "free housing market," which Peabody and other housing allowance proponents put forth, is an illusion. (The marked imbalance of power between landlords and tenants, in law and economic-political fact, is yet another reality that is overlooked: the powerless poor, in a sellers' market for housing, will be in no position to "demand" that landlords provide repairs and decent maintenance, merely because they have a housing allowance.) Only by massively *increasing* the supply of decent housing *for the poor* can anything like free choice and consumer sovereignty—both most laudable goals—in fact be achieved.

Public housing has been a massive failure, to be sure. But the reasons this program failed—which are well known—are not inherent in a program to create decent housing for poor people. We can design better programs, *if* we really want to provide the poor with decent homes and suitable living environments (which I'm not at all sure is the nation's goal, congressional pronouncements notwithstanding). But that will require along the order of $25 billion annually; more government intervention, not less (to control costs of land and mortgage funds, end housing discrimination, enforce housing codes, control rents and profits, establish meaningful tenant rights); and an end to the old public housing notion of creating special, stigmatizing compounds for the poor. The new infatuation with housing allowances by the administration and housing experts represents an unwillingness to face these realities.

Chester W. Hartman
University of California, Berkeley

Sirs:

I was distressed to read in *The New Republic* for March 9 a slashing attack on federal housing programs for the poor by Malcolm E. Peabody, Jr. In the first place, it is perfectly obvious that this country cannot solve its housing problems by simply giving money to the poor. A program of housing allowances may well be useful if coupled with other programs which will effectively increase the supply of housing, but not alone. No country in the world has been able to provide adequate housing for its poor without massive governmental intervention in the market. Because there are very few philanthropists in the building trades, there is little reason to suppose that the United States can be an exception to the rule.

Then, I am staggered at Mr. Peabody's attack on public housing. Pruitt-Igoe was a failure, all right, but it was a failure in 1956. Everyone has known it to be a failure for years, and no one has considered doing anything like it again. But does a failure relieve us of our responsibility for finding a way to house the poor? While Mr. Peabody worked at HUD he needed only to look across the District line into Montgomery County to see a public housing authority that works. Using federal programs imaginatively, that affluent county has integrated a variety of public housing programs into the community with a minimum of disruption.

Finally, and most shocking, is the idea that we must discontinue all housing subsidy programs because of corruption and scandals in administration of them. The poor are not the criminals; they are the victims. Why do we punish *them?* No one has suggested that the state of Maryland should stop building roads and bridges because of widespread allegations of bribery and kickbacks. Throw the rascals out, by all means. But build the houses.

Peg McRory
Ashton, Maryland

Kauffmann, *from page 20*

biography, *The Story of My Life*, and a good deal of the material comes from Darrow himself. Within a useful multiple set, John Houseman has staged the evening smoothly, though at present there are still some crude lighting changes.

The script is a surefire set-up. Who can resist—who wants to resist—the chronicle of a lawyer who fought all his life for the poor, the oppressed, the misunderstood? The story takes Darrow through highlights of some of his most important cases: from the coal strike of 1902 to the Big Bill Haywood case and the Monkey Trial in Tennessee. There is a personal counterpoint: his reverence for John P. Altgeld (Vachel Lindsay's "Eagle That Is Forgotten") and for one of my own secular saints, Eugene Debs, along with sketches of Darrow's two marriages.

What comes through, as it does in the autobiography, is a man who was not really a brilliant thinker or rhetorician but who was a vivid exponent of a mirror-image aspect of the American Protestant tradition: the exact opposite of the acquisitor and thriver, a type now often called a do-gooder, saved from self-righteousness both by the self-righteous greed of the forces he was fighting and by his own homespun humor. He was a hick, in the days when the hick in public life was an important and necessary personality, and a believer in perfectibility when that belief was a valid dynamics.

Fonda concentrates on the man so credibly that the stunt aspects of the evening quite disappear. Three elements in particular stand out. Basic tempo: he walks out—slowly—in a way that establishes a character rhythm on which all variations are founded. Phrasing: he models and colors his readings so well that all hints of plan, much of which is very clever, are concealed beneath seemingly guileless candor. Fame: at the same time that he is thinking of Darrow, thrusting out the right side of his lower lip like Darrow to give him a physical "feel" of the part, he knows he is Fonda, whose every pore and whisper are familiar to millions. And he uses that fame in a just, neatly balanced way, to sustain what he is building of Darrow. Fonda has always been a markedly limited actor but, within his range, a very sensitive one. As Darrow he uses a sensitivity so keen that his range seems a bit wider.

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